B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

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Truth and Platitude in Jewish Education

By George J. Saylin

Pacific School of Religion Berkeley, Calif.

The Coffin Man

By E. David Goitein

Jewish-Christian Co-operation

By John W. Herring

THE NATIONAL JEWISH MONTHLY

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Among Our Contributors

¶ JOHN W. HERRING is Secretary of the Committee on Goodwill Between Jews and Christians of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. Educated at Chicago and Columbia universities, a student of immigrant and labor questions and a journalist of marked ability, Mr. Herring has been a most potent factor in breaking down race and religious prejudice.

¶ E. DAVID GOITEIN, an English barrister, is a regular contributor to the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. "The Coffin Man" is the first sketch in his new series entitled "Just Jews."

¶ DR. GEORGE J. SAYLIN, a physician, is a prolific writer on modern Jewish issues. He was a pioneer in the movement for modern, popular Jewish education, is an ardent Zionist and an enthusiastic communal worker. He was born in Riga, Russia and has graduated from the New York University. At the present time he is a resident of Los Angeles.

¶ DR. YAKIR BEHAR is a native of Adrianople but has lived almost all his life in Constantinople. At present he is in Milan, Italy. In 1913 he received a degree in economics, statistics and law at Venice and subsequently taught these subjects in Constantinople high schools, Turkish institutes and Italian and B'nai B'rith secondary schools.

Jewish Calendar 5688

1927

Rosh Hashonah	Tues.,	Sept. 27
	Wed.,	Sept 28
Fast of Gedalia	Thurs.,	Sept. 29
Yom Kippur	Thurs.,	Oct. 6
Succoth	Tues.,	Oct. 11
	Wed.,	Oct. 12
Hoshana Rabba	Mon.,	Oct. 17
Shemini Azereth	Tues.,	Oct. 18
Simchas Torah	Wed.,	Oct. 19
*Rosh Chodesh Chesvan	Thurs.,	Oct. 27
Rosh Chodesh Kislev	Fri.,	Nov. 25
First Day of Chanukah	Mon.,	Dec. 19
*Rosh Chodesh Tebeth	Sun.,	Dec. 25

1928

Fast of Tebeth	Tues.,	Jan. 3
Rosh Chodesh Shevat	Mon.,	Jan. 23
*Rosh Chodesh Adar	Wed.,	Feb. 22
Fast of Esther	Mon.,	Mar. 5
Purim	Tues.,	Mar. 6
Rosh Chodesh Nissan	Thurs.,	Mar. 22
First Day of Pessach	Thurs.,	Apr. 6
Eighth Day of Pessach	Thurs.,	Apr. 12
*Rosh Chodesh Iyar	Sat.,	Apr. 21
Lag B'Omer	Tues.,	May 8
Rosh Chodesh Sivan	Sun.,	May 20
Shavuoth	Fri.,	May 25
	Sat.,	May 26
*Rosh Chodesh Tammuz	Tues.,	June 19
Fast of Tammuz	Thurs.,	July 5
Rosh Chodesh Ab	Wed.,	July 18
Tisho B'ov	Thurs.,	July 26
*Rosh Chodesh Elul	Fri.,	Aug. 17

NOTE: Holidays begin in the evening preceding the dates designated.

*Rosh Chodesh also observed the previous day.

In Our Portfolio

¶ OUR PORTFOLIO is continuously being enriched by new manuscripts. In the forthcoming issues the readers can expect the following contributions:

¶ SARAH GOLDBERG continues her evaluation of Jewish writers. This time her subject is Leon Kobrin. "To him," she says, "the vast New York ghetto tingling with life, though gloomy and unromantic, was nevertheless piquant and colorful and the tenements with their innumerable dusty windows and sooty walls were symbolical of the life that pulsated within."

¶ A DESCRIPTION of the discovery of the third wall in Jerusalem is the subject of a very interesting article by I. A. Abbady.

"The discovery of the wall may be said to open a chapter of organized Jewish effort on behalf of Palestine exploration."

¶ "THERE ARE MANY Jewish men and women raisers of choicest prize cattle. That Tex Austin, the leading rodeo man, is a Jew would have remained unknown but for his own disclosure. He told it to me as a part of an account of exciting adventures which he has gone through," says Stanley Bero in his sketch, entitled "Tex of Rodeo Fame." Mr. Bero describes many unfamiliar phases of life in the far West.

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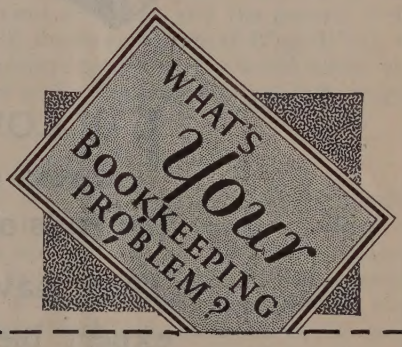

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Accounts Payable ☐
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THE
B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE
The National Jewish Monthly

VOLUME XLII NOVEMBER, 1927 NUMBER 2

B'nai B'rith and the Jew on the Screen

The Order Hereafter is to be the Judge of Films Presenting Jewish Delineations

DURING the past month B'nai B'rith was called to a new service for good will, justice and better understanding. Extending friendly hands, the leaders of the motion picture industry of America, said to B'nai B'rith as spokesman for Jewry: "Let us join together for an effort to give to the people of the United States no pictures that will offend Jews or have a tendency to stir up prejudice against them."

And B'nai B'rith accepted this opportunity for a great service, not to be a censor of pictures but to be a friendly advisor, speaking for Jews, whenever it is asked to say whether this picture or that, or this scene or that is likely to be hurtful to the good will that the Jews desire shall exist between themselves and their neighbors.

Even more than what it means to Jews themselves, the event is significant as a reflection of the fine sensitiveness of the leaders of the motion picture industry to their great responsibilities.

* * *

One day last month a long distance telephone call from New York came to the headquarters of B'nai B'rith in Cincinnati.

Would the president, Alfred M. Cohen, and the secretary, Boris D. Bogen, come to New York? Will Hays desired to confer with them.

Will Hays, former postmaster general of the United States, is the president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. He is the spokesman for the industry and the guardian of its conscience, so to speak.

As it developed, the conscience of the industry is most active and is in strong and characterful hands.

* * *

The conference was held in the offices of Mr. Hays at 469 Fifth avenue. There were present Mr. Hays, C. E. Milliken, former governor of Maine and now the aide of Mr. Hays, John Flinn, prominent in the motion picture industry, Mr. Cohen and Dr. Bogen.

Mr. Hays began with a revealing speech. He desired above all else that the motion picture be an agency for the greatest good. He realized its vast possibilities for good or evil. He saw it as an instrument for better understanding between racial and religious groups; he rejoiced that it had been given to him to aid in directing it to that end; he felt the solemn responsibility of his task.

In Mr. Hays the officers of B'nai B'rith beheld the conscience of the motion picture industry. It was seen to be a conscience eager for the right, fearful of the wrong, anxious to be shown the way. The way was not always certain. The conscience of the industry wanted light and was eager to walk with those who had light to give.

There was discussion, an exchange of viewpoints on specific problems, and it was seen that the minds of the motion picture industry and of the officers of B'nai B'rith ran toward the same desire: To find the way of good will, to shun all the paths that lead to prejudice.

* * *

On the next day there was a second conference, this one between Dr. Hays and Mr. Cohen alone. Mr. Hays came to the subject quickly. The conscience of the industry sought friendly and reliable guidance. When the industry produced pictures having to do with Jews it desired to be sure that the picture would give no offense or be, even innocently, an instigator of prejudice.

Would B'nai B'rith co-operate with the motion picture industry to this end? Mr. Hays knew B'nai B'rith as a representative of Jewish opinion; he had heard of its services to Jewry and the general well-being. He invited the co-operation of B'nai B'rith to the end that no picture be issued that would offend the Jew or give cause to the thoughtless to point the finger of scorn at him.

* * *

Mr. Cohen saw in a brief hour a victory for all the years of striving by the Anti-Defamation League of the Order. This had been in the mind of the League a long time; it had seen how futile it was to make complaint after a picture was on the screen, how precarious it was to be obliged to depend on the good will of exhibitors who might be persuaded to reject an offending picture. Unlike other groups that had occasion to complain against pictures offensive to their peoples, the Anti-Defamation League never sought censorship; it had faith in the ultimate triumph of good will, yet never relaxing vigilance.

And this was the victory.

The friendly hand of the motion picture industry was extended for co-operation and Mr. Cohen grasped it in behalf of the Order. This was a new responsibility for the Order, but the Order never has shirked a responsibility.

There was an exchange of letters in confirmation of this later. Mr. Hays wrote to Mr. Cohen:

"Hon. Alfred M. Cohen, President,
Independent Order of B'nai B'rith,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

"My dear Senator:

"Again I want to assure you of my appreciation of your acceptance of the invitation to come here and confer with us for the development of a fuller co-operation.

"It is, as you know, our most earnest purpose to avoid in pictures anything that will offend any race or creed. To that end, as I have told you, we do earnestly desire the co-operation of your distinguished Order, recognizing its splendid quality and how thoroughly representative it is of Jewish opinion.

"Let me again assure you, too, of my hope that you will keep in close touch with us, as we will with you, and that you will freely let us have your opinion, as we will feel free to ask it, on all matters which may aid in our mutual objective.

"With kindest personal regards, I am,
Sincerely yours,
WILL H. HAYS."

* * *

Mr. Cohen answered Mr. Hays:

"Hon. Will H. Hays, President,
Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc.,
469 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

"My dear General:

"I should consider myself remiss were I to fail to repeat to you my very deep appreciation of the spirit of your welcome to me on my visit to you last week. I was profoundly impressed by your very evident wish that no picture coming under your observation should bring disrespect to any class of the citizenry of the world. If this course were universally followed, verily the moving picture would be a messenger of good tidings.

"I thank you for your expressions, verbal and in writing, concerning the B'nai B'rith, and I give you assurance that the Order will, to the full measure of its ability, co-operate with you in your effort to present the Jew on the screen in a way that will not afford reasonable cause for complaint, I therefore cordially beg of you that you freely avail yourself of my willingness to co-operate.

"With very kindest regards to you personally, and asking you to remember me in the same spirit to Governor Milliken, believe me,
Very sincerely yours,
ALFRED M. COHEN."

* * *

The sincerity of the good will of the motion picture industry was at once made evident. When B'nai B'rith called attention to a certain picture the leaders of the industry promptly responded with offer of co-operation.

"What can we do to take the offense out of it?" they asked. "We want your help."

They suggested the appointment of a committee of two Jews to study the picture and to recommend revisions.

And this was done.

And in a later issue we hope to describe the good results.

Impressions of a Certain Meeting

IT IS related that once upon a time a certain group of old men had been engaged for many years in the task of inscribing scrolls of the law. At this work they never grew tired, though they had long since written more scrolls than the community would need for many years to come.

One day they were asked: "Why do you keep on at your work?"

And they answered: "We work now for the joy of working together."

* * *

Something of the same spirit seems to animate the devoted Jews who have to do with the Joint Distribution Committee, though, of course, their work is not yet completed.

Long ago—and how long it seems since the war!—they came together, moved by horror and pity, to succor the Jews of Eastern Europe who had been trampled to the dust by invading and retreating armies.

And the years passed and there were those who said: "How long will the pity last? How long can pity sustain itself? When the pity goes there will be an end of this work."

But the pity continued through the years until the hunger was fed. The record of the Joint Distribution Committee must stand forever unparalleled as the epic of an unfaltering devotion.

* * *

And when the hunger had been fed there was even then no let-up.

"Having fed them," it was said, "let us now establish them in order that hereafter they may feed themselves."

Then began the great work of reconstruction by which a new life was erected out of the vestiges left by the destruction; there began that impressive movement back to the soil and the thousands left the cities of Russia to settle on the land; and unskilled hands were taught to become producing hands on the Russian steppes; and a new and more beautiful Jewish life sprang up from the soil.

* * *

Last month the Joint Distribution Committee met in Chicago, as it does annually, to view the success of its work and to hear the hopeful reports of its members who have seen with their own eyes what has been done.

And there was still none to say: "We have done enough. Let us now retire and rest on our glory."

But it was said: "Let us go on. Let us remain organized to work together to the fulfillment."

* * *

So that these men who in the beginning were united by a common pity remain now united by success, and, we imagine, by the joy of working together, like those old men writing the scrolls of the law.

In this unity of Jewish purpose large groups of Jews have found no little spiritual satisfaction; and none can doubt this who has observed their passionate devotion at these meetings.

Years have gone but their zeal is not yet tired.

* * *

During the progress of the Chicago meeting there was published a daily newspaper which was called the United Campaign News. And one of its departments was that of The Inquisitive Reporter who went about

asking delegates: "Why do you worry so about the Jews of Europe?"

And Paul Baerwald of New York answered: "I can't help myself."

And James N. Rosenberg of New York: "Because we are a people who have throughout the centuries contributed our share to the world's civilization and ideals, and when our brethren overseas are in trouble we simply must help. Anything else would be unthinkable."

And Judge Harry M. Fisher of Chicago: "Because as Jews we can't help ourselves. . . . It is almost an involuntary response when the circumstance arises, and even those of us who would rather that response did not assert itself, keep moving by force of that indefinable impulse along with the rest."

And Bernard B. Given of Syracuse: "Because of the traits inherited in our birth which every Jew who hasn't lost his Jewish consciousness has or ought to have."

And Charles M. Stern of Albany: "The question is so fundamental that it goes back centuries before we were born."

* * *

The sum of the answers was: "We can't help it. This is an ancient devotion, never dying, never tired, born with the Jew and living with him a deathless life."

* * *

Kol Nidre and a Hallowed Piece of Wood

IT IS said that during the Inquisition a Marano, one of those secret Jews, snatched a glowing ember from the pyre on which another Marano had been burned after he had been discovered practicing Judaism in secret.

The piece of wood became a hallowed relic in the house of the Marano. And long after he had passed from the earth his descendants treasured it as a precious inheritance, and it was as a torch illuminating their dark way as Jews, for they were still practicing Judaism in secret. Yet it was but a piece of wood.

Jewry of New York lately has been stirred by the announcement that Rabbi Mordecai M. Kaplan of a Conservative congregation had substituted the 130th Psalm for Kol Nidre in the service of Yom Kippur eve. He is quite right in saying that the 130th Psalm contains a far finer spiritual beauty and more acceptable significance than the legalistic Kol Nidre.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord," sang the Psalmist. "Lord hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications. If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, who shall stand?"

Certainly the words of Kol Nidre offer no beauty like this. But we think of the Marano's piece of wood. The dry and formal Kol Nidre has been made beautiful by the faith and devotion that have been put into it on the hundreds of Yom Kippur eves; it is hallowed by the spirit of the congregation of Israel lifting itself to the Eternal on the wings of the immortal Kol Nidre melody. No wonder therefore that it is yielded up even now reluctantly.

For information concerning the history and significance of Kol Nidre we commend to our brethren a reading of Pages 42-43 of the B'nai B'rith Manual.

The Acquittal of Sholom Schwartzbard

SO Sholom Schwartzbard has been acquitted. But, even more, the verdict of the Paris jury was a conviction of anti-Semitism and its agents.

The verdict may be interpreted in these words:

"We find Sholom Schwartzbard not guilty. True, he killed Petlura but this act of assassination was only the fruit of the deadly seed that anti-Semitism sowed by the hand of Petlura. Where justice is outraged and unrequitted, it, in good time, finds an instrument to exact penalty from the wrong-doer. Schwartzbard was that instrument for justice outraged in the murder of the multitude of innocents in the Ukraine.

"It is not for us, the jury, to question the inscrutable ways of justice in the affairs of men; we must accept it. Therefore, we cannot find Sholom Schwartzbard guilty."

* * *

The Breadth of Boy Scout Leaders

NOW an emblem is wanted by the national organization of the Boy Scouts of America, to be worn by those leaders who are chaplains in Boy Scout troops. What shall it be?

"This insignia must be acceptable to Jewish, Protestant and Catholic leaders," says a letter addressed to Alfred M. Cohen, the president of our Order. "It cannot be based on the Christian cross, and I am not sure that the shepherd's crook would be most desirable, although it offers some very fine symbolism and a minister in all churches is quite often referred to as 'the shepherd of the flock.' "

We quote this letter in order to present a sample of the kind of tolerance that is not merely condescension but is founded on the finest respect. Indeed, we prefer "respect" to "tolerance."

May we not point out this example to preachers who find themselves called upon to invoke a prayer at public assemblages which include Christians and Jews? May they not show the same forethought and breadth of spirit and understanding in the wording of their prayers?

* * *

Reparation as Well as Retraction

IT HAS been suggested by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise that Henry Ford ought to make full amends by appointing a commission of scholars to conduct a study of the literature of all anti-Jewish libel and report thereon to the world.

This is in line with a hope expressed by the president of this Order, Alfred M. Cohen, at the time of Ford's retraction.

We are reminded of a man who built a high spite fence. After years the man died and the spite with him, but the fence remained, keeping the light out of neighboring windows, for there was none to tear the fence down.

Henry Ford has disowned the ugly fence that he set up against the Jews. He built it on top of the ugly fences of others. Now let him tear down all these fences to their foundations in order that the light may enter the eyes of all mankind.

The Tenderness of Anti-Semites in Berlin

THE HEART of the Prussian anti-Semite has softened. A truculent fellow he has been in his time, going so far even as to strike down aged Jews on the streets and even to kill one now and then as was done by a doughty baron not so long ago.

But now his heart weeps and his sympathy goes out to cattle and he is heard protesting against the *schechita,* saying the Jewish method of slaughter is cruel. So the anti-Semitic *voelkische* party has introduced in the Prussian diet a measure prohibiting the *schechita.* The murderous baron whom we have mentioned was a shining light in this party which is now seen extending its generosity to the kine of the field.

* * *

And What a Jew Owes to a Jew

ALL of this reminds us of the action of the Board of Directors of the Brooklyn Jewish Hospital who have recently installed a kosher kitchen in their hospital. There had been no little criticism on the part of those who believed that the hospital should respect the scruples of those patients who were faithful to the Mosaic laws.

Though it took 26 years for the hospital to come to this, the authorities of the hospital are to be commended. The Jew demands respect for his people and its religion from others; the least he can do is to respect the convictions of those of his people who in some respects differ from him.

* * *

The Old Man With the Stick, and the New

WE REMEMBER the Hebrew teacher of another time. He was an old man with a stick. He eked out his meager income as a teacher by going from house to house to slaughter chickens on Friday morning, for which service he was paid three cents a head. He had tried other endeavors but had been quite a failure.

His pedagogical method was simple, his curriculum being confined to the reading of Hebrew without translation or even the elements of grammar. The pupils sang the reading lesson in chorus, the chant being accompanied occasionally by the descent of the stick on the hapless back of a pupil who had permitted his eyes to rove to the street where a ball game was in progress. Of ethics, of history, there was none.

We were reminded of him when we read of the convention of teachers and principals of Hebrew Schools in the United States held at Pittsburgh last month. In the main they were young men of American university training. Their talk was of pedagogical method and psychology as applied to religious instruction.

People like to talk of old times in America when Judaism was safe and sound, as they tell us. But as a living force Judaism is better served by these eager, educated young men than in the weak hands of the old ones who needed sticks to sustain their teaching.

The meeting of these teachers was testimony of the vitality of Judaism, despite those who stand disconsolate as at the death-bed of our faith.

We Call Attention to San Francisco

WE LIKE what the Jews of San Francisco are doing. They have looked over the world and said: "Where are there Jews who ask our help and deserve it? And what are our own Jewish cultural needs?"

And so, having found satisfactory answers to these questions and having determined that $280,000 was a sufficient tax for the Jewish purposes they desired to serve, they have gone about to raise it in the community.

"One annual contribution—equitably distributed for Jewish world needs," this is a complete statement of their plan which deserves the consideration of all other Jewish communities.

* * *

The Passing of Dr. Charles D. Spivak

WHEN Dr. Charles D. Spivak died last month it was written in Denver, "A great man has passed."

His community saw many angles of him. He was scholar, writer, orator, physician, but, first of all, humanitarian. It was as humanitarian that Jewry of America knew him, for his twenty-five years of service as secretary of the Jewish Consumptive Relief Association took him to all sections of the country. This work he founded and to it he gave the larger portion of his life. His hospital in Denver began with eight tents and at his death he left it a great institution.

His life was a blessing and, dying, he gave also his body to mankind; for his will provided that his body be dedicated to the uses of science in a medical college and that his skeleton be sent to the Hebrew University in Palestine.

He gave himself wholly to the world.

* * *

The Death of a Brilliant Man in Israel

JOEL BLAU is dead. The readers of this magazine knew this brilliant rabbi well, for during his residence in America he was a frequent contributor. The last year of his life saw him serving in a pulpit in London, England.

The readers knew him as a beautiful spirit of which his writings were the picture. We turn to the pages of his last words in this magazine. He had come to England, and was home-sick for America and on paper he poured out his heart-aches. He wrote of the beauty he had left behind in New York:

"There were miraculous sunsets above the Palisades, every evening. . . . And they were yours, because you knew them and loved them. . . . And they formed, together with the low hills and the river, the backdrop of your life. . . . And when spring came, your heart burgeoned together with the budding trees on the sloping bank yonder, and when winter blew in, the fine lace work of the bare branches seemed to be busy weaving the strands of your dream. Where is all this now? And where am I?"

Such was the man.

The Love of a People is His Reward

LAST month he was called the King of the Crimea. We would prefer to give Joseph Rosen some title that conveys his resemblance to Moses. Like Moses he has led multitudes of the children of Israel through a great travail to a land of promise. Like Moses he is a statesman whose visions encompass the generations to come. Like Moses he is a law-giver from whom has come law to regulate the sowing and the harvest whereby vast multitudes have been succored from famine. Like Moses he is a meek man, scorning glory.

But here the likeness ends.

Moses was not given to enter the land of promise and died on the edge of it.

* * * * *

Joseph Rosen has seen his people cultivating vast acres on the steppes of Southern Russia whither he led them.

Dispossessed tradesmen, they came as wanderers to the land and out of their empty hands came new riches when they returned to agriculture, the historic occupation of the Jew. Out of the wilderness sprang new Jewish communities with no walls of ghettos about them but as free as the trackless steppe.

These things Joseph Rosen has been given to see as the director of Russian Jewish agricultural colonies of the Joint Distribution Committee.

* * * * *

"Who is a happy man?" asked a pupil of his teachers.

And the teacher answered: "Happy is he who has great visions and follows them, but happier still is he who sees a portion of the fulfillment of his visions."

Then the pupil asked: "Only a portion?"

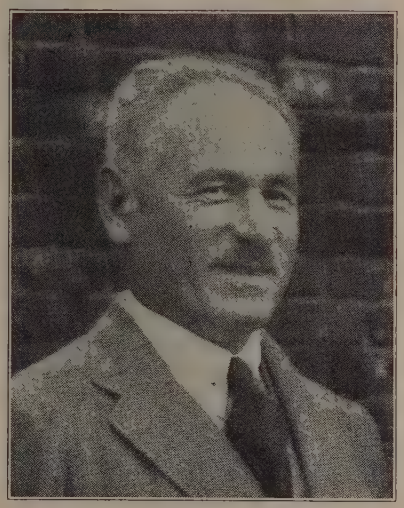
And the teacher answered: "For the man of vision there is never a complete fulfillment. Since there is no end to his ideals, and he is happy only to strive from one mountain peak to another."

Joseph Rosen is the happy man who has seen a portion of the fulfillment. And when last month he heard the applause of his colleagues in the Joint Distribution Committee acclaiming his works, he accepted it not for the finished task but as the testimony of the willingness of American Jewry to follow him in the further pursuit of the ideal.

He is no poet, but a scientist, yet no poet ever produced a finer work than Rosen's epic in which 35,500 Jewish families, coming destitute from the ghettos, the poorest human beings in the world, unskilled in the work of the hand, ignorant of knoweldge of the soil, have fructified a million acres and created new wealth and established a new life out of the vestiges of their spirits.

* * * * *

Who is Rosen? He is an American of Russian birth. The earlier revolutionaries of Russia knew him as a comrade in secret assemblies and in prisons.



Dr. Joseph A. Rosen

Rosen's early education was in the University of Moscow where he enjoyed the company of other young Russians who delighted in entertaining secretly those liberal opinions that marked the intellectual.

And in time—he was still in his very early twenties — finding Russia no longer tenable, he came to America in the year 1903. America then was receiving to its bosom the oppressed and it took Rosen in. There followed a period of service at the Woodbine agricultural school in New Jersey, and after that many struggling days in New York City, where he was concerned mostly with the difficult business of earning a meager living.

Then he went to the University of Michigan where he specialized in agriculture and came through with honors. And if in his latter career he may be likened to Moses, his earlier likeness was to Joseph who filled the granaries in Egypt. Russia had given him scant welcome and he had seen the inside of its jails; but now as an inhabitant of another land, he returned the evil he had suffered with the good of his service and of his knowledge and of his genius, for the increase of the harvests.

There must have come to him the satisfaction of one who sees poetic justice when on a certain occasion the imperial Russian government presented him with a medal for his services.

* * * * *

Then the war and the dreadful aftermath, and Rosen found himself leaving a very successful business and a most comfortable way of life in order to go to Russia than which there was no more uncomfortable place on earth at that time. Famine was in the land and death walked on the highways. Famine had been a recurring visitor in Russia, so that the world had come to think of famines as indigenous to Russia, an act of nature that could not be helped, like lightning and like storms.

The Joint Distribution Committee, of which Rosen was one, as well as other American agencies concerned themselves promptly with means to feed the starving. But Rosen himself looked about for ways whereby famines might be prevented, so that never again the land would be cursed. He found that Russian famines were due to the fact that the peasants wasted the richness of the soil by planting only one kind of crop.

He introduced American maize into Russia as a crop to alternate with wheat—and famine in Russia, formerly a periodic visitation, has not been heard of since.

* * * * *

When he had completed his role as Joseph he took up the mightier one of Moses. He led the way from the travail of the cities to the farms in Southern Russian and taught their untrained hands to make the soil yield its fruit.

His reward? It is the perfect recompense. Felix Warburg who has travelled through these farm colonies, tells of it. Everywhere he found Rosen in the hearts of the people.

"We saw him with everybody; with the authorities in Moscow; with the children; with the farmers, the grandmothers and the babies. All loved him."

The love of a people is his reward.

A Cross-Section of Jewish Life

Religious Education

CHARGED with teaching the Bible and the Talmud, a rabbi in the town of Romni, district of Poltava, was fined fifty roubles by the Soviet authorities. It was claimed that the rabbi kept the youngsters in the local *Beth Hamidrosh*, under cover of closed windows and locked doors. But he denied having taught the children, claiming that they studied themselves and questioned him only when they encountered difficult passages.

* * *

THE Supreme Court of Minnesota has ruled that it is lawful to read the Bible in the public schools, without note or comment, providing pupils who do not care to listen to the reading are permitted to leave the room. In explaining the ruling the Supreme Court declared:

"The purpose of the defendant school board, in having the Bible read in the public schools, was to implant in the mind of the pupil higher moral and ethical standards and a knowledge of the Bible, and was not for the purpose of teaching the doctrines of any religious sect."

* * *

HEBREW teachers and principals of the United States have formed a national organization. They met in convention at Pittsburgh the latter part of last month, elected officers and discussed various problems which they and American Jewry as a whole have to face. It was declared that the average salary of Hebrew teachers was still 12 per cent below the cost of living.

* * *

ONE hundred rabbis and laymen will address two hundred and seventy-nine meetings, during the month of November, in behalf of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. David A. Brown, chairman of the finance committee of the organization, is leading this campaign for funds adequate to carry on the work of the Union.

A CALL has been issued for a conference of the Union of Orthodox Congregations in New York City on November 19 to 21. How to strengthen the Orthodox educational system and institutions will be the first subject on the program.

* * *

NOTEWORTHY progress has been made by the Hebrew University in the departments of Judaism, Oriental Studies, Mathematics, Public Hygiene, Parasitology, Bio-Chemistry, Botany, Geology and Zoology. This was reported by Dr. Judah L. Magnes, the chancellor of that University, on his arrival in New York a few weeks ago. Dr. Magnes is now touring the country to raise funds with which to restore the university buildings damaged by the recent tornado and to continue the expansion of the famous seat of learning on Mt. Scopus. His goal is $10,000,000.

* * *

PRESENT indications are that the Jewish teachers in the public schools of Chicago will fail in their efforts to secure full pay for Jewish holidays on which they are absent from the class rooms. A year ago, the school board of Chicago voted down the resolution of a Catholic member who wanted teachers of the Catholic faith to be allowed full pay during their absence to attend the proceedings of the Eucharistic Congress. Following this it was decided that no teachers would be paid when absent on account of religious holidays. This broke a twenty year precedent in Chicago and resulted in deduction from the pay of Jewish teachers for absence during this year's high holy days.

* * *

A COLONY for Orthodox Jews only is being planned in Queens, N. Y. Forty acres of land, costing $500,000, have been purchased for this purpose. The community will have its own synagogues and schools, and will be made up of persons who adhere strictly to the articles and rituals of Orthodox Judaism. Promoting the enterprise is the Yavna Realty Company, named so after the town in which Jochanan Ben Zakki established his school and reorganized the Sanhedrin, when the Romans destroyed the Temple and wiped out the Jewish state.

Social Welfare

PATIENTS in the Brooklyn Jewish Hospital, who so desire, will be served kosher food. This decision was adopted by the board of directors of the hospital at a recent meeting. Action on this matter is the result of a petition by all the rabbis of Brooklyn and many laymen, and it means that in the new $5,000,000 home of the hospital which is now being built there will be a special kosher kitchen.

* * *

THE Hudson County sections of the National Council of Jewish Women have decided to erect in Jersey City a home for Jewish working girls. A fund will be started for this purpose.

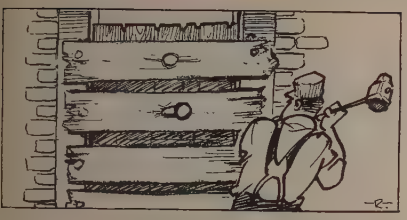
* * *

LEADERS of American Jewry, gathered in conference at Chicago last month, reaffirmed their faith in the Administration of the Joint Distribution Committee. A resolution unanimously adopted pledged those present to redouble their efforts to cash in on all the pledges to the United Jewish Campaign Fund. Four hundred thousand dollars was turned over to the J. D. C. at the conference. And it was promised that $7,500,000 would be raised during the next fourteen months with which to carry on the committee's reconstruction program.

* * *

MORE than five hundred Zionist workers attended the United Palestine Appeal Conference which was held in Cleveland on October 30 and 31. The treasurer reported that six million dollars had been pledged to the U. P. A. fund and that half of this amount has already been raised in cash. Greetings were received from Dr. Weizmann, Lloyd George, Lord Balfour and Sir Herbert Samuel. A program for the coming campaign was worked out.

Miscellaneous



ADDRESSING the 47th annual convention of the American Federation of Labor at Los Angeles, William Green, president of the organization, advocated the complete closing of the United States to immigrants. He urged the support of a bill introduced into Congress by Congressman Albert Johnson on March 4, 1927, which would cut down the flow of immigration into this country to practically nothing.

* * *

HABIMAH, the troupe of Hebrew actors from Moscow, has incorporated under the laws of the state of New York. Because several of its players have returned to Europe, this famous theatrical company has been reorganized. A number of new plays have been added to the repertory of the troupe, among them being: "Cain," by Anibali-Ninski; "The Wonder Rabbi's Journey," by Harry Sackler, and "Judith," by Hebel. A studio for dramatic instruction in Hebrew has been opened by the troupe at 127 Riverside Drive, New York City.

* * *

THE Jewish Tribune of New York announces its sixth annual voting contest. This time the question on which ballots are being cast is: Which Jew, by his service to America, deserves to be honored with a statue? The contest opened in October and will close in December. Further information can be had by writing to the Jewish Tribune, 570 Seventh Avenue, New York.

* * *

A CAMPAIGN for $50,000 is soon to be launched by the Mizrachi Organization of America. This money is to be used for the support of religious institutions and the Mizrachi workmen's union in Palestine.

* * *

DR. I. D. BRONFIN, medical director of the National Jewish Hospital at Denver, has been appointed Assistant Professor in the School of Medicine of the University of Colorado.

GEORGE FEINGOLD, an umbrella repair man and a familiar figure on the streets of Hartford, Conn., left his entire estate of $10,000 to charity when he died recently.

* * *

IN HIS review of the year 5687, published in the September issue of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, Julius Kerman cited, as an example of Judaphobia, the exclusion of rabbis from the Lincoln, Neb., Ministerial Association. Now Rabbi S. E. Starrels of that city sends in the following explanation of the matter:

The Lincoln Ministerial Association was founded about fifteen years ago as a society of Christian Protestant Ministers. A theological test in the constitution was interpreted to exclude Catholics, Jews and Unitarians. Last January a resolution was introduced to make the clergy of all creeds eligible to membership, but it was ruled out as unconstitutional. On September 26, however, a similar resolution was adopted in the form of a constitutional amendment. Hence rabbis are now accepted as members of the association.

* * *

A RUSSIAN by the name of Ruskin was recently sentenced to life imprisonment by a Chinese court at Harbin, China. Ruskin was found guilty of having murdered Levi Isaac Vilensky, a Jewish refugee.

* * *

A TEAM composed solely of Jewish young men outdistanced all the competing teams in a fund raising campaign for the Y. M. C. A. of Utica, N. Y.

* * *

THE Rev. Dr. Frederic de Sola Mendes passed away last month, at the age of 77. Dr. Mendes was for over fifty years rabbi, then rabbi emeritus of West End Synagogue (Congregation Sharray Tefila) New York. He was a scholar of many attainments and one of the founders of The American Hebrew.

* * *

DR. NATHAN VOORSANGER, one of the best known physicians of San Francisco, recently took his own life aboard a steamer at Liverpool, England. His family believes that he was depressed over the recent death of his only daughter.

Foreign

ONCE the ruling element in the Jewish community of Berlin, the Liberal Jews declined posts on the praesidium, at the latest election of the Kehillah in that city. Conservatives, Semi-Conservatives and Zionists are now in control.

* * *

LEADERS of political anti-Semitism, which was born in Austria in 1877, are preparing to celebrate the fiftieth birthday of their movement this fall. They plan large public meetings to urge the spread of their doctrine of race hatred.

* * *

DUGLGO STREET in the city of Brzesc Litewski, Poland, will henceforth be known as Peretz Street. The change was decided upon by the local city council in honor of J. L. Peretz, the famous Yiddish poet and novelist.

* * *

LEON TROTZKY has been expelled from the executive committee of the Communist International by a unanimous decision of that committee. It is alleged that Trotzky and Wuyowitch, who was also expelled, have been carrying on illegal activities and maintaining secret printing presses.

* * *

On Behalf of Our Advertisers

Turn the pages of this magazine and study the advertisements.

These advertisements represent the most eminent firms and concerns of their kind in this country. Their products are of uniform excellence—of highest grade quality.

Each of these advertisers has been carefully selected.

Every advertiser in our magazine is in hearty accord with our program of social justice and tolerance.

Our advertisers merit the support of our subscribers.

Thinking Aloud

By Urva Porah

MR. BENJAMIN came to our Jewish community with an ideal. His wife said ideals always had been an affliction with him, and that was why, at the age of fifty, Mr. Benjamin was still seeking a way of making a living.

Other men came to our Jewish community to start delicatessen stores; there was one on every block. Mr. Benjamin made a survey of the scene and said: "Food for their stomachs they have enough. Delicatessen stores everywhere! I will give them something better than food for their stomachs; I will provide nourishment for their souls which are more hungry than their stomachs."

* * *

SO ON the main street of our community Mr. Benjamin opened a Jewish book store. He draped the windows with silk prayer shawls and displayed phylacteries, the *chumish*, the *siddur*, *mazuzas* and small replicas of the scrolls of the law to be worn on the watch chain as a charm.

Within he stored a goodly stock of these and included Jewish works of history. Upon the window he inscribed this announcement:

B. BENJAMIN
JEWISH BOOKS—ALL KINDS

* * *

"I WILL make a success here," Mr. Benjamin said to me one day. "How could it be otherwise? The Jewish people have plenty of stores to look after their stomachs but I am the only one to look after their heads."

He spoke with the earnestness of one dedicated to high purposes, but Mrs. Benjamin did not share his zeal.

"Yes, yes," she said, "that's the way he always talks. He always is wanting to do some good in the world. He should better have started a delicatessen store."

The patient Mr. Benjamin shrugged his shoulders.

"She doesn't understand. She never understands me."

"*Luftmensch!*" Mrs. Benjamin jibed at him.

* * *

Mr. Benjamin replied he had made a careful study of the situation. He had heard a great deal about the prosperity of the community. Most of the inhabitants owned machines and some of them had upstairs girls as well as downstairs girls in their houses. So, as he pointed out, his Jewish book store must prosper in a community so prosperous. It was only a matter of time.

"Yes, yes," Mrs. Benjamin sighed. "He always says it's a matter of time, and he's already fifty years old."

* * *

AND a week later I stopped at Mr. Benjamin's store again. He was enthusiastic.

"They are beginning to stop and look into the window! Mr. Cohen, the cloak and suit man, stopped today. Yesterday it was Mr. Stein, the pants man. I tell you they are getting interested in *Juedischkeit*. It is only a matter of time."

Mr. Benjamin had added candlesticks to the attractions of his window.

"Yes, yes," Mrs. Benjamin said, "they stop and look and go on."

* * *

MR. BENJAMIN was certain that the candle-sticks would bring customers. He had made inquiries and had learned that the blessing of the candles on Friday night was a custom not generally observed in our community.

"But," he pointed out, "when they see the candle-sticks in my window they will think of it. They will remember what their mothers used to do on Friday night, it's only a matter of time. *Juedischkeit* is coming into the Jewish house."

"But he isn't making a living in the meantime," said his discouraging wife.

A month passed before I saw Mr. Benjamin again.

"And how are you doing, Mr. Benjamin?"

"Well, they're coming into the store already. Today a woman came in to ask if I kept notions and yesterday another one asked me if I had hair-nets. 'Lady,' I said to her with a joke, 'I got good things for the head but not hair-nets. I have a history of the Jews for one dollar.' "

"But she said they had a book in her house."

Mr. Benjamin was not discouraged. He said the very fact they came into his store was a good sign.

"But he never has what they want," Mrs. Benjamin sighed.

* * *

HE observed that a fish and chicken store that was opened next door a week after he threw open his own doors to the intelligence and religious zeal of the community was already prospering. This encouraged him.

He called my attention to the throng that was assembled there, for it was Friday.

"It is all for the stomachs of the Jewish people," he said, "but I am the only one that has nourishment for their heads and their hearts."

"If he had as much sense as that other man he would have opened a fish store," Mrs. Benjamin snapped out.

* * *

MR. BENJAMIN had added phonograph records to his stock—the voices of various cantors of more or less renown. He had observed that the phonograph dealer across the street who specialized in jazz records did an excellent business in this Jewish community.

"Certainly," Mr. Benjamin said, "the Jewish home will want them if they know I have the voices of our cantors."

"I sold a record the day before yesterday," he added with no little pride.

"But the jazz man's store is crowded with customers every night," said his disconsolate wife.

Later visits found Mr. Benjamin's hopes fading.

"Tell me why it is," he said. "The streets are full of delicatessen stores and all make a good living. The delicatessen dealer, Mr. Rosenzweig, is buying real estate. The other delicatessen dealer, Mr. Perlwasser, has bought a fine automobile. But I who am the only Jewish book dealer can't even make a living. Tell me why it is? They have food for the stomach and they get well off, but I who have food for Jewish heads and hearts don't see any customers. But it may be a matter of time."

"Didn't I tell him to go into the delicatessen business!" exclaimed the triumphant Mrs. Benjamin.

* * *

BUSINESS took me away from the city for a few weeks and when I returned I went to call on Mr. Benjamin.

But, lo! Mr. Benjamin's Jewish book store had vanished. Where his name had been emblazoned on the window was another that read:

L. FINKELSTEIN
BEAUTY SHOPPE

I looked in and saw five Jewish heads bending under the ministrations of beauty specialists to be shorn and made beautiful.

Jewish Christian Co-operation

By John W. Herring

THE tumult and the shouting dies. The World's Series, the conquest of the air, the fistic extravaganza of Chicago, are out of the headlines, and a dull winter impends, with nothing to do but watch the barometer fall before the presidential election bursts in full fury upon the ship of state.

Rev. J. W. Herring

All of which is verbiage, of course.

The headlines will continue to roar as usual with only the intermittent lulls that the best of professional news makers can't avoid. More important is the fact that the fall is like new wine in our national blood and the country is vibrant with energy.

And so move the currents of social anxiety, social plannings, social movements.

"Know thyself" is a command that comes with steadily increasing force to the American ear. We throng to hear debates on democracy, the meaning of progress, the wherefores of life, and whatnot. I think of a city of a million, containing more than nine hundred groups that are asking speakers to descant on everything from the Transvaal to architecture.

And so likewise, the prickly question of relationships that has brought the Bnai B'rith and the goodwill committee of the churches into partnership, is catching our imaginations and stirring our convictions afresh this fall.

We have pretty well passed through the "howdy, stranger," phase of our relationship. The staunch men of Gideon of both our tribes have begun to "test out" from the mass. Faults have begun to show. But dependability and graciousness have been found in greater measure, and it is good to be at work as a liaison adjutant betwixt Jew and non-Jew.

The foundation has been solidly established and now I am concerned with how we are going to build upon it. So let us consider the program for the future.

To begin with, it is probable that with the ending, on this November first, of three years of work, the time is ripe to dispense in large degree with the pronouncements about goodwill and turn our attention almost exclusively to projects in Jewish-Christian co-operation, projects which might be described as "functioning goodwill."

The social instinct of children is sure and revealing. The writer has observed his own boys in their social affairs. The shaking hands stage is embarrassing at best. But the game picks up when the elder remarks, "Let's go to the swimmin' pool."

"We have been pleased to meet each other . . ."—but this is a mere beginning and a slender cable to string across the gap of strangeness. It is time to hie ourselves to the "swimmin' pool."

We began to do so at the start in a variety of co-operative undertakings, which are well known to the readers of this journal. Taking a running look over the three years, the high lights stand out about as follows:

The Printed Page—Never before, perhaps, has there appeared in the press and in the journals and in new books so rich and wide a range of offerings to the literature of understanding. We have directly contributed only a fraction of this. It is gratifying to know that there are many strong currents in American life that move in the direction along which our endeavors run.

The School and College—Materials for Sunday Schools, special exchange lectures in theological schools and a multitude of college group conferences have come out of this co-operation and we are seeing more and more clearly the fact that led the B'nai B'rith into its Hillel Foundation work—namely, that the growth of vital faith, vital belief in democracy, takes place with greatest vigor about the college age. Negatively, we feel that the institution of democracy cannot be maintained among adults unless first established among the youth. Out of these beginnings, in which we confess much satisfaction, may grow student developments of great consequence.

The Community—Almost as potent as the public schools themselves are the general forces of adult education that are active in western nations today. Germany, England, and the Scandinavian countries are swept by popular movements that have brought phenomenal gains to the richness and meaning of life. America seems to be on the verge of a boredom with "things" and ready to enter with new interest upon a quest of richer living. Certain it is that we see ourselves to be a great restless people, shot with uncertainties, in love with life, but often not finding it; face to face with a network of spiritual problems which are the progeny of materialism, heterogeneity of races, classes and religions, and of the nation's adolescence.

It has seemed to us from the first that Jewish-Christian goodwill is inextricably bound up with the effort of the nation to find within itself a spirit or a culture suited to life in the modern community.

Thus it was that our co-operative forces set themselves to aid typical urban communities in the building of a democratic and broadly cultural community life.

Norman Hapgood wrote in effect, of the social order . . . it is tolerant when it has learned to be liberal. This, no less, is the measure of our chance and our difficulty: in a community bound by strong reaction, by narrow group feeling, and by unrelieved materialism to join ourselves to the forces that are contributing to liberalism and democracy.

Our results, though humble, have an experimental value that is worth much. Programs which have been developed in four cities have received very flattering comment from leaders in national community and national adult education work.

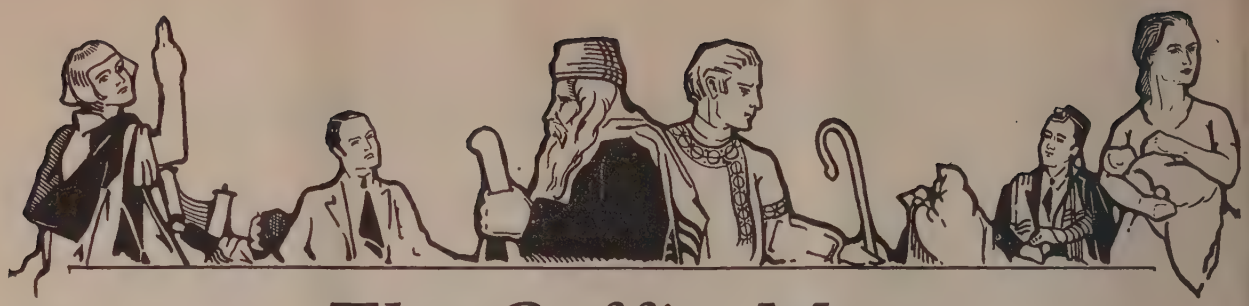
The gist of the community program is to use the multiplicity of small groups which flourish in the American city as the unit cells in a great communal university of the people:

To train leaders, and develop study materials and provide speakers for these groups and to use these groups as means for bringing together into friendly relationship the various religious and other elements in the city.

Such groups include forums, luncheon clubs, civic clubs, women's clubs, church groups, nationality groups, labor groups, neighborhood groups.

This article, already too long, only touches the story. Yet just a word about the coming year. Because of the great number of groups that have joined in the program, a "national

(*Continued on Page* 15)



The Coffin Man

By David Goitein

Illustrated by Vivienne Lazarus

MY FATHER had the misfortune to suffer from a kind heart. I shall never forget—though I was a mere child at the time—the bitter cold winter's day when he returned home without a coat. And why, think you? Because, forsooth, he had met a shivering beggar selling matches, and—well, not to put too fine a point upon it, had exchanged his coat for a box of matches. It need therefore give no cause for surprise when I say that our house was the mecca of all good *schnorrers*. Each one had his particular nickname, each his own day, each his own reward. There was "The Betting Man"—so called because he had once been seen in the streets reading the Course wire in an evening paper. There was "The Umbrella Man"—because in summer or winter, through sunshine and shower he carried an immense and torn umbrella. There was Mrs. Jacobs (the only *lady* beggar we had) known as Mrs. Jicobs, for so she pronounced her name. A little woman with a pinched face, a weary smile and a courtesy. *Reb* Samuel—a great scholar, who knew all the Talmud and a tantalising amount of geography. But he was not "weekly." When he took it into his head to turn up, he was allowed to come right in (the rest remained on the door-step, or at best in the hall) and was given supper in spite of the fact that he drank his soup out of the plate and, as my poor nurse used to say, "He's really got no manners at all." But of all the beggars—and I've not mentioned the "Tuppenny-man" nor the "Friday-man"—the most interesting, the most thrilling was the "Coffin-man." It may be his name . . . I don't know. Why was he called the "Coffin-man?" I thought he made coffins. But why should he carry a little bag? You can't put a coffin in a little Gladstone bag. It was my sister—she has always had more imagination than I—who discovered the real reason. He was so poor that he could not afford to live in a house—so at nights he went to a cemetery and slept in a coffin. Morbid? I agree. But thrilling.

He came regularly as clockwork two days before Passover, the Sunday before New Year's Day, a day before Purim, and on Red-Letter days too numerous to particularize. *He was the only beggar who rang the bell.* That gave him a certain standing. He was not possessed of much English but that was no matter. Let me tell you of his last Passover visit. That will show you the sort of man he was.

The house is upside-down. Official name, Spring-cleaning. Bell rings. Jane goes to the door.

"Is Meester Zalel in? I have a business with him."

Jane has been with us long enough to know the Coffin-man. She takes him into the lounge. He does not remove his hat. He sits down, holds his umbrella between his knees and puts his Gladstone, importantly, on the ground. He takes out a big red handkerchief . . . My father arrives. (I follow, a little nervously, in the rear.)

"What for a pleasure to see you Meester Zalel! . . . So this is your boy—a fine boy, *umbeschrien.*" This last word is a protection against the Evil Eye. "I have not done much business lately. I have a chest, ach, a chest! I can't go out." He coughs a little to add weight to his words. "And the cold weather, you know what it is? My wife? God is good. She is in bed. She also has a chest. . . . What do you learn, my boy (to me)? What a fine boy it is, *umbeschrien*—how old is he? . . . What I hear! Well, well—what do you learn?"—he means of course, what part of the Bible.

"I have reached Exodus," say I, with justifiable pride.

"Ach, so; ach, so!" (Out comes the old red handkerchief again.) "Do you remember what Rashi says about Jethro? So? you don't learn Rashi? . . . What for a teacher has he got?" (to my father) "A fine boy like him not to learn Rashi. . . . Let me tell you what Rashi says. *Sheva shemos nikroo loi. . . .*" Then he goes on with a learned disquisition, what Rashi says, and what Rashi doesn't say. I can't follow a word. But he goes on and on and on. He feels it is his duty to improve my mind. He tells me what the great Dubnow Maggid once said thirty years ago. . . . Were he not to carry on with this sing-song, would he have earned the money that my father, by a most skillful sleight of hand, has slipped into his palm?

"Why do you think Pharaoh—that is in English, the Czar—you follow me? Why does the Czar harden his heart? Why does he not let the poor Jews go from Egypt? For why? Well—why not?"

I don't know why.

"Ach—I tell you a *moshol.* There was a lion goes on a ship and a fox and a donkey. You follow me? When the donkey will not pay his fare—the lion kills him. You follow me? The lion say to the fox 'you set out the limbs of this donkey and I will eat them.' And the fox says 'Yes.' Then the fox sees the heart and he eats it. Then the lion comes and the lion say 'Where is the heart?'—you follow me?—'That donkey had no heart,' said the fox, 'or he would not have had the heart to refuse to pay the fare.'"

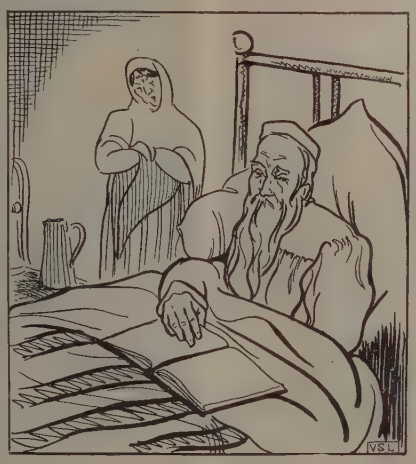
I cannot follow much of this story—but it is never finished. The Coffin-man is seized with a fit of coughing. He is almost bent in two. . . .

Two weeks later there is a gentle nervous knock at the door. A little frightened woman wearing a wig, shawl over her head, asks in Yiddish to see my father. Jane shuts the door in her face. She is not one of our beggars. Send her away? No, not exactly. My father sends her out a coin. No.

She must see Mr. Bezalel. . . . It is the wife of the Coffin-man. . . . She is sitting in the library at the edge of the chair, shaking, swaying backwards and forwards. Then she lets forth a torrent of words—all Yiddish.

"Mr. Bezalel, I know you will come. My husband is dying, God forbid, Dr. Samuel says so. He has a chest, has my husband. He has been asking to see you, Mr. Bezalel, he has not many hours to live, God forbid, you will come? You will? He asks for you. He says you will come!"

Her voice is husky. Then she bursts into tears. In spite of my mother's protestations — it was close on dinner time—my father goes with her to the house of the Coffin-man. A tall four-story house, holding as many families as there were rooms. The smell — ugh! On the third floor there is a back room. Two wooden chairs, a table, a bed. Nothing else. The paper is peeling off the walls. The rain is dripping — drip, drip, drip, from the ceiling. A red-haired Irish girl was sitting next to the bed.



"He's been corfin that bad, I thought he would die an' all," she said.

"Ach, such a year on my enemies—how say you such a thing?" cried the wife, angry. For the words were ominous. "May he live a thousand years!"

On the bed lay the Coffin-man. He was asleep. His drawn-in face, his blood-shot eyes, told their tale. He woke up.

"You are back, Sprintzel. You are back. I thought I should be in the Garden of Eden, God forbid, before you came."

"Mr. Bezalel is here, Moishele," she put her arm tenderly under his head and raised it up.

"Ach, sir, I am going away. My Sprintzel will be left alone, without anything."

"I shall see to it that she needs nothing, you may rest assured as to that."

A smile came over the face of the dying man. "That is nothing. But there is something . . . something you will do for me—ach, no. You will not do it."

"I will if I can."

A fit of coughing prevented his speaking for some time. At last he was able to speak again. "I have no son. Sprintzel—she has been a good wife to me—Sprintzel has never given me a son. I have no one to say *kaddish*. . . . You follow me? . . . I must burn in *gehennom*—(without the Evil Eye, I say it!) . . . You . . . you see? Sprintzel is a woman, she can't say *kaddish* . . .and the beadle is a thief . . . the beadle he will not say it unless I pay him . . . you follow me? . . . ach, my chest. . . " Again he could not talk. "Mr. Zalel, *you* have a boy, a fine boy . . *unbeschrien*—I could rest even in *gehennom* if you . . if you would . . ach, I must not ask . . . . Sprintzel, give Mr. Zalel a chair."

My father sat next to the dying man. Sprintzel with great big tears standing in her eyes, gazed miserably on her husband, he that was to have been a great scholar, a great Rabbi, a great . . . God is good. . . .

". . . Sprintzel, say *tillim* (psalms) . . . Mr. Zalel, your boy—will he say *kaddish* for me? . . . Will you? . . . I can die happy if I know that your boy will. . . . What do you say? . . . Will . . . . "

He fell back on to his bed. He never spoke again. As for myself—I said *kaddish* Saturday by Saturday for a whole year. Mighty proud I was of myself, too—I was saying it for the Coffin-man. One Saturday as we came away from the synagogue, I made bold to ask my father.

"Why was that poor old man called the Coffin-man?"

"The Coffin-man? Whom do you mean?"

"The man I say *kaddish* for."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! He was supposed to sell Coffee, so we called him the *Coffee-man*. . . . "

Oh! It was disappointing.

Jewish-Christian Co-operation

(*Continued from Page 13*)

conference" board has been created in which each agency has two members unofficially representing it. The proposed division of program is as follows:

I. The goodwill committee of the Churches and the B'nai B'rith will carry on "business as usual"—taking as their special field of labor the direct approach to goodwill. This includes a wide range of activities well known to the reader.

II. The national conference, drawn from thirty-nine groups, will undertake social projects which indirectly work for goodwill—or more clearly put—projects in the carrying out of which goodwill is apt to result.

This division of function is of necessity rough and elastic, but will serve as a working basis.

Communications

Editor, B'nai B'rith Magazine:

I AM writing to tell you how much your magazine is appreciated in our library where it has appeared regularly for over a year. As someone wrote in the September issue, the spirit of fair play is conspicuous in its articles, and, as a Protestant community, we have been given an insight into the work and lives of the people of the Jewish faith, through the contents of the magazine, not to be obtained in any other way by such a community as ours.

Miss Winifred Conklin,
Librarian.
Allerton, Iowa.

* * * * *

Editor, B'nai B'rith Magazine:

WISHING to come into close touch with Junior High School pupils in America and develop our understanding of the English language, and at the same time correspond about our school life and enjoyments, to exchange photographs, postage stamps, pins, specimens of school work, descriptions of classes and school life and to answer one another's questions, we young Jewish boys of Poland would like to hear from some young Jewish boys in America.

Please write c/o Elazar Bernstein, 37 Zafnuska, Lowicz, Zemier Warshavska, Poland.

Sincerely yours,
L. Bajle.

Truth and Platitude in Jewish Education

By George J. Saylin

THE recently coined platitude: "Any kind of Jewish education is better than none" is, in a measure, to be challenged here. Challenged in order to emphasize a curriculum for Jewish education which will not only preserve the Jew but will posit his status in the world in a positive way. How effective, for example, Jewish education of the Sunday school standard, on the one hand, and the old-fashioned *chedar* and *yeshivah* on the other, are, in this regard, is at least open to question.

Dr. George J. Saylin

To adapt Jewish education to modern concepts and ideas, implies the carrying out of certain changes in conformity with convictions other than those previously held. That is, the Jew who would adapt Jewish education to secular thought merely follows the dictates of his conscience in seeking the truth. But once he has reached that point, he would again be willing to suffer indignities, persecution, and even death to uphold his convictions. The Jew who mimics, on the other hand, participates in a gesture of self-preservation—a gesture nevertheless in contra-distinction to mimicry in evolution. He may even harbor old convictions, but he takes the position that if mimicry will save or conserve some of them, mimicry is justifiable—a fallacious reservation which invites further mimicry until, more often than not, he blends himself, so to speak, out of existence.

The Cheder and the Ghetto

Many times the writer has almost resolved that rather than to say a thing in a vague or timid fashion, that silence is golden. The Jewish youth, left to himself and unable to escape his inheritance, may find a way after all. He may grope his way to his people through Zionism or Spinoza. But at least no weapon will be placed in his hands to purge himself of dogma, which, when urged on by the impetuousness of youth, may lead him far astray.

But it would be wrong, grievously wrong, to leave him to chance. The choice of the lesser of two evils is no choice at all when other systems, positive and effective, are available. The Orthodox Jew invariably leans towards the *cheder* and *yeshivah*. They were good enough in the past and will do for the future. We hold, however, that the old *cheder* and *yeshivah* were mere implements of the ghetto in preserving the Jew. To put it paradoxically, one may submit that the reason the old *cheder* proved all-sufficient is because the *am-haaretz* also remained a Jew.

There is no denying that *die Yiddishe Gass* exercised a most potent influence in the survival of the Jew. The probabilities are that the Jew would have created the ghetto introspectively, even in the absence of persecution and Pale edicts. We may trace this leaning in Abraham, Moses and Ezra, who craved a ghetto on a large scale, all inclusive—land, people, culture—because they realized that so revolutionary a God concept as monotheism (in their time) depended more upon inherited impulses than upon a conscious preference. And the Covenant of the Flesh, no doubt more than reverence for the creative principle, might have been an idea calculated to enhance inheritance—a primitive notion as to the value of the inheritance of acquired characteristics. They craved a "blue blooded," i. e., Isaac descendancy, a particular land to keep holy and a fit culture for their chosen religion. They learned their lesson from the *Malkizedekites* and no doubt other monotheists who perished because they lacked the protective elements of a fit culture. The Jew, therefore, created the ghetto because he was a Jew, and he remained a Jew because he created the ghetto.

But ghetto Judaism, for the most part, is negative Judaism outside of ghetto walls. He who persisted did so because of his inheritance rather than his *cheder*. Today the Jew must withstand the acid test of emancipation or perish. Here then we have a longed for solution transformed into a problem.

A Jewish education which would "immunize" the Jew against secular knowledge, more often than not defeats its own end. It is likely to become a boomerang of destruction. The world is here to stay as it is with or without the Jew. The idea of a world within a world like the idea of anthropomorphism is a thing of the past. And the past is no criterion. The Judaism of Maimonides may be compatible with the science of Aristotle. But with the advent of Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Darwin, Einstein, and hosts of others, Judaism must emerge from its narrow confines. After all, from Abraham to Micah, from Micah to Maimonides, from Maimonides to Spinoza, in its final and unprejudiced analysis, is but a process of continuity and elaboration of the one concept. Just as *Jahwe-Elohim* became spiritualized into the Universal Lord of Micah, so did the monotheism of Maimonides become expanded into the pantheism of Spinoza.

Judaism All Inclusive

Let us not juggle terms when we speak of culture and cultural Judaism. Let us analyze culture in its generic sense and postulate its role in a curriculum for modern Jewish education. Tyler defines it for us: "The list of all the items of the general life of a people represents that whole which we call its culture." While religion does influence culture, in its basic elements, it is separate and apart from it. Long before there was the sense of awe there was the sense of hunger. There must have been a time when man drifted and learned many things for his comfort and safety before he "sacrificed" for protection and gain. Culture arose from necessity, religion arose from desire (choice). Culture depends upon medium (people) and environment (land) and is, therefore, inter-related with race.

Just as culture may arise independent of religion, so when influenced and modified by religion it may be separated from it as an entity in itself. It is nevertheless fortunate that Judaism is all-inclusive. It is richly endowed both spiritually and culturally. It is more than a mere Sermon on the Mount.

Historic Judaism

Historic Judaism we find in sacred history taken in its modern interpretation. The Old Testament still remains the text book of choice. Sacred archeology has not yet given us a reliable secular history of the biblical period. But it must be an Old Testament sanely understood with its parables, legends, and symbolism adjusted to modern thought and conception. Even so-called "higher criticism" should not frighten us. It is part of the acid test. After all, it is as reasonable to assume that higher criticism will escape the Jew as it is that if the anti-evolution law is enforced in Tennessee, no Tennessean will ever come in contact with Darwin and Huxley.

The spiritual side of historic Judaism belongs to the synagogue. It is the writer's opinion that to teach the Jewish child religion is essential. Whatever it does or does not do to the soul, it assuredly beautifies the human mind. It is the art of the human race. But we must separate the spiritual from the historic and cultural the same as we separate church and state in all enlightened countries. There is no contradiction here. On the contrary, a curriculum of historic and cultural Judaism will prepare the child for the synagogue. If the synagogue is not equipped to spiritualize the younger generation, it loses its *raison d'etre*. Under this system, if the Jewish youth's inclination is a religious one so much the better. If not, he will still remain a Jew. Nevertheless, we must insist that the religious school can establish its *raison d'etre* only upon condition that it take its place as a supplement to and not a substitute for a modern Jewish education.

Hebrew should be the language of instruction. Hebrew is not only the tongue, or vocal chord, so to speak, but it is the soul of Hebrew culture. One must feel and live culture. A non-Jew may listen to the chanting of Eli Eli and admire its music and melody, but only in a Jew will it strike a responsive chord and find consummate understanding.

Let us, therefore, drink of the past to the utmost. A people's past predestines its future.

The Future

But a past alone is not sufficient. It is the purpose of the past to inspire for the future. The awakened racial pride of the Jewish child will die of inanition if we fail to vitalize it with hope, an outlook for the future. But it must be a future of dynamic continuity, retrospect and prospect in one continuous creative flux. We must teach the Jewish youth Achad Ha-Amism to enable him to complete his own formula: "I am because I am and will be, not alone because I was, but because I have a religion, because I have a mission."

Once for all, Jewish education must cease to be all platitude, the football of fad and dogma. Let it rise as a light to guide Jewish destiny, no matter how the vicissitudes of civilization may affect its progress. It can only be for the better. Jewish energy will be conserved, a common denominator of Jewish unity will be struck, and all lines of demarcation which now separate Jewish educational movements will be effaced from the map of Israel in one common effort to co-ordinate the Jewish will to live with that of humanity at large.

Cleveland Orphan Home Campaign

SO ENTHUSIASTIC were reports received on the progress of the Million Dollar New Building Fund campaign in District No. 2, I. O. B. B., for the Jewish Orphan Home at Cleveland, by the Home's Board of Directors, at their quarterly meeting here last week, that instructions were given the architects to proceed with final drawings so that ground can be broken any time after January 15, 1928.

"Please Help Us Get a New Home"

The high-light of the reports came when President Fred Lazarus, Jr., of Columbus, announced that Cincinnati over-subscribed its quota of $100,000 by several thousand dollars.

William J. Shroder, vice-chairman of the Cincinnati campaign, commenting at the meeting upon the success of the Cincinnati drive, said: "Although Cincinnati has sent only one child to the Home in five years, we feel the same obligation to Jewish orphans of our own small communities as we do to those of the Ukraine and Roumania."

Of Ohio's quota of $700,000 subscriptions of more than $250,000 already have been received, Mr. Lazarus reported. He also announced that the entire district, with the exception of two far western states, has been organized, with campaign dates definitely set in more than 200 cities and towns in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri and Kansas.

Other major Ohio campaigns which have been completed include Columbus, which already has raised its $60,000 quota, and Toledo and Youngstown, with quotas of $40,000 and $25,000, respectively.

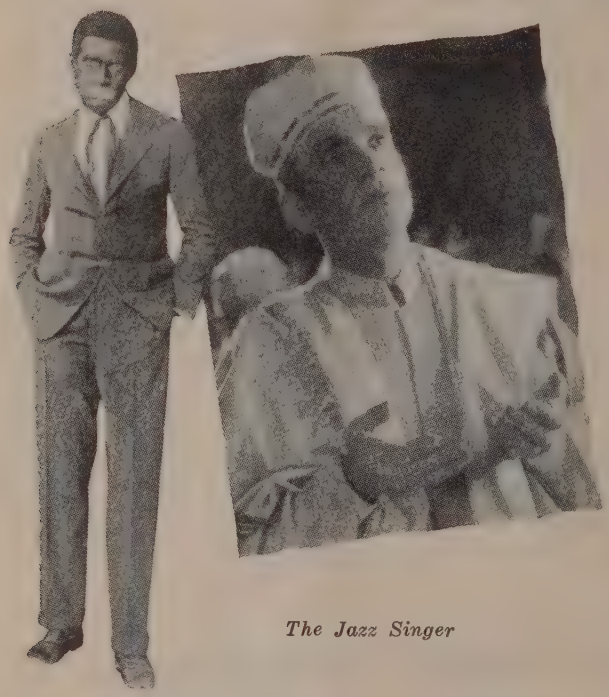
Dayton, with a $35,000 quota launched its campaign October 30th, with Joseph Thal as chairman. An enthusiastic meeting was addressed by President Alfred M. Cohen. The children of the Cleveland Orphan Home participated in the program.

The Indiana state-wide campaign was launched October 23rd, in combination with the Wider Scope appeal. The goal is $200,000, of which the Jewish Orphan Home will receive $125,000 and the Wider Scope $75,000. The State has been divided into fifteen zones, with the following leadership: Evansville, Ben Paul; Fort Wayne, L. J. Novitsky and Joseph Baum; Gary, Rabbi Garry J. August; Hammond, Carl Kaufman; Indianapolis, Louis J. Borinstein and Isidore Feibleman; Kokomo, Sig B. Kling; Lafayette, Ed. H. Pottlitzer; Ligonier, Sol Henoch; Madison, Marcus R. Sulzer; Marion, Ed. Bloch; Michigan City, Nate Rosenberg; Muncie, Sam Ringold; South Bend, Ira Ciralsky; Terre Haute, Louis Brown, and Wabash, Isaac Beitman.

The Jew on the Stage and Screen

By Zelda F. Popkin

This article is one of the series we are publishing on the Jew in his various relationships with the American stage and screen



The Jazz Singer

"WHAT a small boy learns he never forgets," says Moishe Yudelson, East Side kibitzer to Jack Robin, nee Jake Rabinowitz, and thereby he supplies both a slogan for Jewish education campaigns and an explanation of the full-throated, sobbing richness with which a beardless blackface comedian sings *Kol Nidre* in the Vitaphone presentation of the "Jazz Singer." Al Jolson was born Asa Yoelson, son of a cantor. He brings to the film version of Samson Raphaelson's successful play, "The Jazz Singer," the combined song of the synagogue and the stage, and lifts a tawdry story out of a mire of sentimentality and hokum to heights of poignant emotion.

The words "supreme triumph" were never as fully justified in the case of any picture as they are in the instance of "The Jazz Singer." It is a triumph for Warner Brothers, producers of the film and sponsors of that amazing synchronization of sound and photography known as the Vitaphone. It is a personal triumph for Mr. Jolson, exceeding any that he has attained in his glamorous career. It is a triumph for hundreds of bowed and bearded old men, bespectacled and *sheitel*-covered old women who have perhaps never attended a theatre in their lives, and are now plodding rapturously up Broadway to hear the golden voiced Rosenblatt and the no less effective Jolson, intone the liturgy and pictorially present a tale that indicates their defiant clinging to ancient tradition.

This is in effect "old home week" for the East Side at the Warner Theatre in New York, where the "Jazz Singer" is now being shown and probably will continue to be shown for many months. These are audiences who murmur joyfully at flashing scenes of congested pushcarts and tenements, who roar with glee over the screen captions of *shiksa* and *kibitzer;* who sob unashamed. There is plenty to cry over, and a theatre dark enough to make one's crying thoroughly pleasurable.

The plot of the "Jazz Singer" has been carried throughout the land by George Jessel in the stage version of the play. Briefly, it is this: Jakie Rabinowitz, descendant of five generations of cantors, runs away from home on Yom Kippur eve, preferring the theatre to the synagogue. He is promptly disowned by his father, and mourned by his mother. He returns years later a successful jazz singer, scheduled to star in a Broadway revue that is to open on Yom Kippur eve. His father is dying and his last wish is that his son take his place in the synagogue. A conflict thus arises between the big opportunity and filial duty, and the Jazz Singer surrenders to the song of the ages singing in his blood. Good dramatic stuff, but most obvious hokum, for Jakie's big opportunity is easily made to wait another night. Big theatrical productions do not habitually open on Yom Kippur eve in New York. It is known to be the worst night of the year in the show business. The Warner Brothers displayed infinitely more perspicacity. They launched the film on Yom Kippur night when the demand for entertainment in New York is greater than any other evening of the season. But, then, if the fictitious producer of Mr. Raphaelson's play had had as good judgment, there would have been no play.

The principal merit of the production lies, then, in the vocal rather than visual numbers. Cantor Josef Rosenblatt (is he the first *Chazan* to appear in the films?) joins the proceedings with *Yahrzeit* in a concert scene, wherein his golden voice is heard to advantage as great as that offered by any concert hall. Mr. Jolson's numbers include selections from his famous "Mammy" repertoire as well as *Kol Nidre*. The famous comedian's singing of the liturgy gives rise to interesting speculation, for as he chants, his body sways with the same rhythm that agitates it when he sings "Toot, Toot, Tootsie, Goodby." Is there, as the writers would have us believe, an intimate relationship between the wailing ecstacy of jazz and the song that comes from the heart of the Jewish people? Certainly the synagogue was Al Jolson's training school, and he ranks as the world's premier entertainer, they say, because of the tear in his voice that puts his songs over.

But, be that as it may, it doesn't quite change the reflex of antagonism that one experiences when the caption writer declares that song is equally the voice of God in the theatre as in the synagogue. I'd hate to believe *that* of some of the things we've heard upon the stage. The picture doesn't explain, either, the alacrity with which an Orthodox congregation welcomes a beardless cantor. They still set great store by the literal interpretation of the law in a great many congregations east of the Bowery.

One of Those Others

A PLAY which has in a few weeks established itself as one of the current hits of the New York stage, and which doubtless will in due time be seen throughout the land on the motion picture screen is entitled "Four Walls," and its authors are Dana Burnett and George Abbott; its producer, John Golden.

It is a play which comes forth boldly, and says: Let's not trouble ourselves either with insinuations or denials of fact. The melting pot has brought

forth criminals, as well as worthy citizens. Let us consider one of those who took the evil path, but let us examine him with honest pity and with all the understanding at our command.

Its title harks back to that most familiar quotation: "Four walls do not a prison make, or iron bars a cage," and it treats of the struggles of one Benny Horowitz, East Side gang leader, returned from a five-year sojourn as the guest of the state, and determined henceforth to remain free, in spirit as in flesh. There are assembled all the familiars of melodrama, detectives, saloonkeepers, gunmen and their gals. Added to these are the two standbys of all Anglo-Jewish drama, the aged mother, for sentiment, and the marriage broker, for comedy. And of course the beloved and erring son. Yet out of the pot-pourri of stock characters and situations, there emerges a play that is vital, a viewpoint that is new, and a treatment that is fine and tender.

The background of the play is a tenement on the East Side, a flat which reminded me of one such as my grandmother lived in on Monroe Street, many years ago,—iron sink and iron stove, singing gas jet, sagging, uncomfortable leather couch, covered by a red and green drapery, red covered dining table, tin *mezzuza* on the door-post, *Bar Mitzvah* picture and crayon enlargement of a black bearded and long departed dear one on the walls, brass candlesticks and the *Kiddush chalah* covered with a white cloth. There was present, too, that one indispensable figure of East Side life which playwrights have long ignored, the lady boarder. In the East Side flat there was always a boarder,—often several, and usually one, who as in "Four Walls," was a genteel female person, plain of visage, and on the fringe of old maidhood, who invariably cherished romantic longings for which there was the remotest possibility of fulfillment. Dominating the domestic scene was the adoring kindly mother, protesting and believing in her son's innocence and potential greatness, as proud of the fact that he, Benny, had become president of the Sing Sing Mutual Welfare League, as if he had become mayor of Delancy Street. And outside, the streets teeming with adventure and mischief—altogether a background such as tens of thousands of Jewish boys grew away from.

In surroundings such as these, only chance separates the choice of a good life from an evil one. Benny Horowitz used to sit at night in the squalor of the little kitchen and read library books which told about kings, and he, too, dreamed of being a king. There was the Gas House Gang close at hand, and one could be king of the gang. That was as close as one could get to royalty in the slums. And there was, too, a fair damsel, to turn men into knights. The king had his enemies—jealous companions, the Black Rats and the police, and the enemies conspired to end the leadership of this dreamer, turning his dreams into reality—this Napoleon of the gutters.

All this happened before Benny went away. But now, returned, he was determined to make a fresh start, to live a life the essence of which should be freedom, and that alone. The Gas House Gang, now become the East Side Social and Political Club, was to draw him no longer. No woman might ensnare him, either by her sacrifice or her command. Benny had thought things out—he had seen how men in their tiny offices and shops were slaves to their jobs, or to their families. He had thought it all out, and now that he saw life clearly, he was determined to master it.

Well, Benny didn't master it. The streets again lured this dreamer, the old flame of love flared up, the old desire to be the king. Benny killed the "Monk," who had replaced him both with the gang and with the girl. Yet even then, Benny could have had freedom of a sort—but a freedom that to him meant galling bonds, and this boy whose soul would be free could not accept it. The "four walls" were less a prison than would be a woman's lie. Benny went back, and with him went our poignant regret that chance and environment had made waste of so much strength and so much force of character. A gangster with a heart of gold, if you will,—a young life thrown away.

"The Moon of Israel"

TO the youth who has listened in boredom to the annual recital of the Passover Haggadah, it may seem incredible that the story of the deliverance from Egypt has all the makings of a screen thriller. Its possibilities have been realized by a German company—Sascha Productions—which has used Rider Haggard's novel as the basis of a beautiful and exciting film, "The Moon of Israel," and has made a graphic spectacle of the slavery in Egypt and the exodus therefrom. It is a film that has the triple advantage of a good scenario, intelligent direction, skillful acting—and what more can one ask?

American producers who now and again feel the urge to do a biblical picture, perhaps as a salve to their consciences or their property men, can learn much from "The Moon of Israel." It is spectacular, and yet realistic—a pageant that is human.

Three Visits to the Wailing Wall

By Edith Hillman

IT WAS on Friday, my first Friday in Jerusalem! A dreary drizzle of rain covered the old wall surrounding the city and made the ancient stone streets slippery and unsafe for an American traveler, who wore high-heeled shoes without rubbers.

We passed through the old Jaffa Gate, by the grand new hotel, on to the Market Place, which was crowded with belated shoppers who had come to buy a few last necessary articles of food for the Sabbath. In spite of the rain, the little, poorly-clad children ran about, in and out, up and down the narrow stone terraces which one must patiently descend on the way to the Wailing Wall. What a picturesque scene is this ghetto market-place strangely different from all other ghettoes. So oriental in its aspect! The men and women, who display their wares are dressed quaintly, many in Arabic costumes with keffiehs on their heads. One hears Hebrew spoken, also Arabic, Yiddish, and many other languages. Each dealer has a tiny store built into the wall like a natural crevice, and every one is shouting, laughing, gesticulating!

At last, after much shoving and panting, we made our way, past this busy, animated throng, down many more stone steps, under numberless arches of stone, past a long line of decrepit old blind men and women who were extending their hands, asking for a *nadovoh*, on to the Wailing Wall. There were no mourners there; doubtless the miserable drizzle had kept them away. But the *Shammus* stood prepared to light candles and make the prayer, the *El Mole Rachamim*, for the dead.

There it stood, a tall, straight wall, composed of huge, smooth grey stones which had been cemented together with such strength, that they had withstood for thousands of years, the ravages of the elements. What a relic of hope to ancient Israel!

* * *

It was Friday again, a bright, balmy, spring day and the warm sun shone kindly upon the beautiful arches of the Jaffa Gate as we passed through it once more, on our way to the Wall of Tears. There were tears indeed this day. Bowing in simple humbleness, stood the middle-aged and the old Jews of Jerusalem before that symbol of the great King Solomon's devotion to the one God in whom all Israel has put its trust through the ages. Tears flowed freely from the eyes of all those sufferers, living in the *Goluth* which resulted from the destruction of this symbol. Jews of the Dispersion from many lands of oppression were represented among the mourners: *Chasidim* in their round fur caps and long *capotes* and side-locks, Russian Jews in European dress and native women of Jerusalem with lovely, Oriental shawls on their shoulders. They all wept with equal sorrow, all touched the stones and kissed them, reverently all prayed the eternal prayer of Israel, that the land of Canaan might be redeemed to them for an everlasting home. In spite of the fact that they stood on the earth of the Holy City, they reiterated the old cry, "Next year in Jerusalem." Then they turned and wended their way back through the crowded, narrow, picturesque, stone alley-ways of the Old City. The old men and women sat as usual, on the stone steps, near the Wailing Wall, pleading for a *nadovoh* and appeared symbolic of the thought that Palestine is the place for the true Jew to die in, so that his ashes may rest with those of the founders of Israel from whom he has descended.

* * *

It was a Sabbath morning. I was attending services in the American *Shul*, so-called because of the fact that its congregation consists, chiefly of orthodox Jews, who were formerly residents of America. A fine, young American acted as cantor and his clear voice rang out in the air of a Jerusalem spring morning. Another young American Jew, a rabbi, led the prayers in well-spoken Hebrew. Everybody wore their Sabbath best and a holiday air pervaded the scene.

Suddenly, in the midst of the services, there was a hush! An announcement was made from the pulpit, "We will conclude the services at the Wailing Wall." The congregation arose as one man and walked through the Old City. What a Sabbath peace, quiet and calm, hung over the streets and hills of Jerusalem! A feeling of complete exaltation took possession of me, as we approached once more the ancient Wall of Wailing. The beggars were missing from their accustomed places; instead dear, old ladies, dressed with white lace shawls on their heads, were resting on the stone steps, which had been swept clean for the holy day. We approached the long, narrow space, in which the Wall stands and found at least fifteen congregations, each conducting its own service, independently of any other, in its own sing-song way. The women were separated strictly from the men, in order that neither might be disturbed in their devotions. What a galaxy of glorious color, the bright orange and deeper browns of the velvet coats of the *chasidim*, mingling with the beautiful colors of the Oriental shawls of the women of Palestine and the soft pink and yellow shades of the summer dresses of the American girl visitors.

What an air of thanksgiving and triumph seemed to rest upon all the congregations! What a spirit of unity and good-fellowship existed, in spite of the many, varied services—the young people making way for the old folk to get nearer the precious, holy Wall, the old ladies offering the young people lemons, filled with cloves, to refresh them from the heat of the sun. Here indeed could be seen the new symbol of Jerusalem, the hope in the rebuilding of the land, the haven from *Goluth*, the quickening of the Jewish pulse, the awakening from nightmares of oppression and persecution to the light of learning and wisdom, "the delight in the law of the Lord."

In the Public Eye

Abel Davis

GENERAL ABEL DAVIS is known in American Jewry as an enthusiast with a spirit that is contagious. Wherever Jewish leaders meet in this country to plan aid and advancement for our people there you will find Abel Davis. And when for some unavoidable reason he is absent from a conference, as was the case at the recent J. D. C. gathering in Chicago, he is greatly missed.

Abel Davis

But General Davis, as his title indicates, is also a soldier. And on the field of battle, too, he has won honor and distinction. The latest praise of his courage and initiative as a soldier came from Major Henry S. Hooker, formerly of the 33rd Division. Speaking, a few weeks ago at a luncheon to American Legion delegates in London, Major Hooker told how Abel Davis, then a Colonel, proved the value of America's new army by leading a thousand men over the top at the taking of Hamel.

* * *

David Schweitzer

DAVID SCHWEITZER is financial administrator of the Joint Distribution Committee. He has covered the territory of J. D. C. activity in Poland and Russia more times than perhaps any other man. His office is at present in Berlin, but he is in the United States for a brief sojourn — having come here to attend the recent Chicago Conference. David Schweitzer deserves much of the credit for the excellent handling of J. D. C. accounts and financial data—a task of no mean proportions.

David Schweitzer

Schweitzer was born in Russia in 1886 and received his early education there. At the age of seventeen he came to this country and almost immediately identified himself with the Thomas Davidson Society, where he received his first lessons in English. He later studied at Townsend Harris Hall (now the City College of New York), graduating with a B. S. degree. And then he went on to Columbia University where he took an M. A. degree. Following this Schweitzer held prominent positions in various Jewish Social Service agencies. Also he served as statistician of the New York State Public Service Commission.

Since 1920 he has been in the service of the Joint Distribution Committee, being now vice-chairman of the European Executive Council as well as financial administrator.

* * *

Roger W. Straus

"WHAT can the layman do for the perpetuation and advancement of Judaism?" As president of the National Federation of Temple Brotherhoods, Roger W. Straus is asking the younger leaders in American Jewry to participate in a symposium on this timely and important question. Orthodox, Conservative and Reform groups are being included.

Roger W. Straus

A graduate of Princeton University, Roger Straus has made a great success in the Smelting and Refining industry, served with distinction in the late war and done notable work in both Jewish and general public endeavor. He has played a prominent role in the Jewish-Christian Good Will Movement and in the non-sectarian work carried on by the Y. M. C. A. in connection with the training of engineers. He was one of the moving spirits in the work of organizing the National Federation of Temple Brotherhoods.

Morris R. Cohen

LAST month educators, philosophers, poets and communal leaders participated in the celebration of Professor Morris Raphael Cohen's twenty-fifth anniversary as a teacher at the City College of New York. He began as an instructor of mathematics, but he is known chiefly as a teacher of philosophy. Professor Cohen was born in White Russia and received a thorough Jewish education in one of the old-time *Yeshivahs* of that country. He came to the United States as a boy and rapidly made his way to the front as a student, subsequently becoming an instructor in his alma mater, the City College of New York. Today he is an inseparable part of the college—loved by his students and admired by his colleagues.

Morris R. Cohen

* * *

Jacob Epstein

"BEING born of Jewish parents I would be most foolish if I were to turn away from the immense Jewish culture and traditions."

These are some of Jacob Epstein's remarks to an interviewer upon his recent arrival in New York. Jacob Epstein, hailed by many as the greatest living sculptor, was born in New York City of East European Jewish parents. He was reared on the East Side but when he grew up he migrated to London. That was about twenty-five years ago. Since then he has startled the critics and the public by his amazing power, courage and individuality as an artist. Many will recall the sensation created a few months ago by his memorial to W. H. Hudson, the English writer and naturalist.

Jacob Epstein

Epstein's work is now being exhibited in this country.

News in Views

ABOVE are three familiar scenes from the Bible. They are reprinted here from an art calendar published in Germany, by Verlag Bei S. Müller of Heidelberg, in which the portion of the Torah for each week is illustrated. To the left is "Rebecca and Eliezer at the Well." In the center is "The Tower of Babel." And to the right is "Abraham Entertaining the Angels."

Jewish Daily Forward

CHILDREN of Jewish farmers in Connecticut whom the Jewish Agricultural Aid Society gave scholarships for a short course at the Connecticut State Agricultural College.

THE map to the left shows the location of the Jewish agricultural settlements in Soviet Russia. Each of the districts in which these settlements are situated is indicated by a Roman numeral.

SHOLOM SCHWARTZBARD, the young Ukrainian Jew who was recently acquitted of the charge of murder by a French court. He shot Petlura, the pogromist.

THE main building of the Hebrew University on Mt. Scopus. Dr. Judah L. Magnes, chancellor of the University, is at present touring the United States to raise funds with which to expand the activities of this seat of learning.

ABOVE is the Constructive Conference of American Jewish leaders recently held at the Standard Club, Chicago, to consider future activities of Joint Distribution Committee.

THE new home of the Standard Club, leading Jewish Club of Chicago, where the J. D. C. conference was held is seen to the right.

TO the left is a view of the recently completed new building of the Jewish People's Institute of Chicago at the cost of $1,000,000.

TO the left is a picturesque group of Indian Jews, with Dr. Alexander Goldstein, the Zionist leader in their midst. They belong to the B'nai Israel who emigrated to India about two hundred years before the destruction of the Temple at Jerusalem.

The Printed Page

HEINE IN A FREUDIAN FRAME

That Man Heine by Lewis Browne. (Macmillan Company).

HEINE'S soul was a great battlefield. He was a veritable vortex of conflicting thought currents. In him there surged and seethed and stormed a whole world of ideas and tendencies. Judea, Hellas, Germany, France, Catholicism, Protestantism, aristocracy, democracy, socialism, moony romanticism, keen-eyed realism, delicate tenderness, cruel cynicism, faith, skepticism, hope, despair, medievalism and modernism, all were part and parcel of that strange, wistful, mocking fellow who gave us the sweetest lyrics and the most pungent criticism the world has ever known.

How could such a man have any peace of mind? He couldn't and he didn't. For in addition to all this inner warfare he suffered throughout the greater part of his earthly pilgrimage from pinching poverty, bigotry, chauvinism, misunderstanding, envy, a gnawing disease and his own wilful and perverse nature.

Lewis Browne, with the assistance of Elsa Weihl, has marshalled all the available facts, or most all of them at any rate, and given the English-speaking world the first full length biography of Heine in forty years. He has, it seems to me, not made the most of Heine's spiritual and intellectual life. He has not completely caught hold of the mystic creative process in Heine, nor has he made us feel powerfully the inner growth and flowering out of the poet-thinker. All this Browne has touched upon rather casually. But the mundane and physical phases of Heine's life he has painted superbly. He has given us an absorbing book, one that does not have to resort to any tricks to hold its readers, one that has, to one reader at least, become a permanent possession of the mind.

With admirable restraint yet genuine warmth of feeling, Browne has brought into our midst the living image of the immortal prophet-clown who was wont to call himself the German Aristophenes. He has written of Heine with artistic detachment, absolute honesty and candor, but not without the saving sympathy which is the open sesame to true understanding.

Elsa Weihl, on her part, has scoured all the French and German sources and brought forth revealing data. The gay debonair Heine is shown to have been not so gay after all. In society he was the victim of, what we would now call, an inferiority complex. His mother, too, it seems has previously been given more than her due of credit. She was ambitious and had a strong character, but she was by no means the student and thinker she has often been described as.

In the spirit of the stoic realism of our age which believes in showing the shadows as well as lights in the characters of our heroes, Browne has noted a number of Heine's generally glossed over weaknesses. He is shown to us toning down some of his writings for the sake of much needed money and patronage and writing hypocritical letters to reigning authorities when he thought it would help him land a professorship in a German university.

Psycho-analysis, too, is applied in arriving at an understanding of certain of Heine's motives, as for instance in the case of his wit which is declared to have been prompted as much by bravado as by unalloyed courage. The whole portrait is not psycho-analytical, but the frame in which it is set is truly Freudian.

A memorable book is "That Man Heine," one that will take a place alongside the works of the writers who are making biography one of the chief arts of the twentieth century, the works of Frank Harris, Gamaliel Bradford, Lytton Strachey et al.

J. Z. JACOBSON.

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The Psychology of Character by A. A. Roback. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

IN a work encyclopedic in its scope the author has attacked the problem of character from the psychological point of view. So replete are his references and bibliography that the Harvard Press is publishing them in a separate volume "A Bibliography of Personality with Special Reference to Character."

In the historical part of the book which is most fascinating and instructive, he takes the reader through the realm of philosophy both ancient and modern. In as much as the ancient writers' insight into personality, temperament and character was uncanny, they treated character as part of the moral side of man and at other times as an expression of intelligence, or used the term personality and character interchangeably.

His many references and quotations from the literary field treats the subject from the philosophical, ethical and religious view points.

Inhibition of instincts is the warp and woof of character, it is the *sine qua non* of character in the brilliant treatise by Dr. Roback.

Social workers as well as probation officers are wont to look upon "adjustments" as a sign of strength of character, Roback readily tears this asunder and shows this to have nothing in common with his concept of character.

The psychiatric approach in the book is very good and shows the author to have a keen insight into psychiatry. The psychiatrist of all men is face to face with the practical problem of character determination and evaluation—a clinical fact of great importance is the ability to determine a character defect.

The physician will find interest in the book in the quotations from Galen on the humoral theory of the outstanding types viz: sanguine, melancholic, choleric, and phlegmatic, which preceded the endocraniologic theory of character and disposition and the more recent types of constitution and habitus by Kretshmer.

The neurologist may exult in the fact that cerebral localization has been invoked to aid in the quest of the seat of character in the cerebrum, but like the search for the seat of the soul, it has not been successful.

Roback quotes from the Talmud, that treasure of law and lore which contains numerous passages dealing with human nature.

In Pirke Aboth of the Talmud:

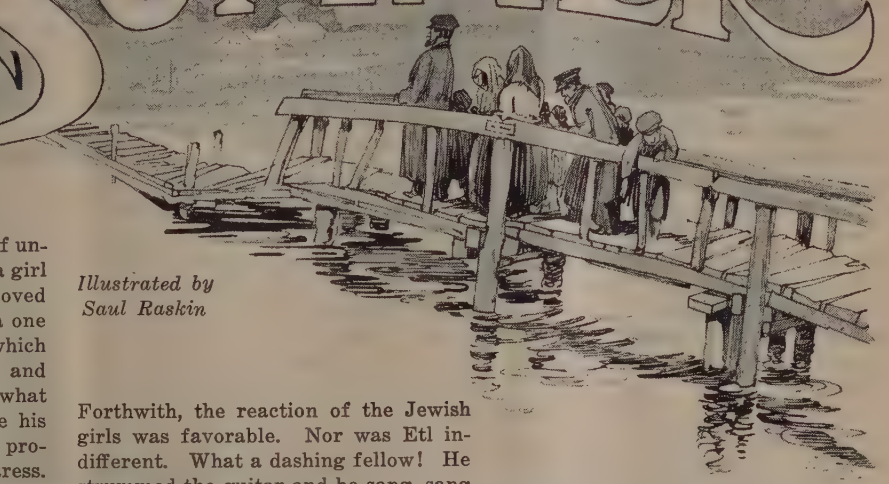
"There are four types of mental disposition (a) He who is easily angered and easily reconciled, thus offsetting his liability by the asset; (b) The one whom it is difficult to anger and difficult to appease, thus counter-balancing his gain by his loss; (c) He whom it is difficult to provoke and easy to pacify —the saint and (d) the one who is easily provoked but reconciled only with difficulty—the villain."

The book lends itself readily as a valuable aid to psychologists, social workers and psychiatrists.

WILLIAM RAVINE.

SUMMER

By MAX ROBIN



Illustrated by Saul Raskin

(*Continued from October*)

DUVID, it seemed, was the type of unobtrusive young person whom a girl seeks as a husband, after she had loved and been loved by another. Such a one modestly comes on the scene, which that other had but recently left, and ostentatiously takes for himself what the other, in more than one sense his better, had failed to obtain after a protracted period of storm and stress. No suffering; no effort; and no opposition. He had procured a wife—what more! And he never has more than wife.

It was known that aunt had figured in an affair of love prior to marrying uncle. The man had been a soldier on leave, but the extent of her infatuation with him was never disclosed; the regret of it was for her own, secret humination, rather than for another's intrusion.

The soldier, however, had been immoderately enamored of her, not at all like a Jew. Well, the army was probably to blame. One learns everything there. A coward will be made into a hero, an angel into a priest. The spring maneuvers come and the soldier is encamped in the country. And in the country he is not excessively taken up with the nature about him, though it is all that the soul may demand. But the soul of one who is young and strong requires a more animate contact. Yet it is not the live stock that interests him. Morning and evening, it is girls who absorb the mind of the soldier. And what girls! Pink-cheeked and jovial, trusting, naive. Envy the village, envy the life there! Such girls are not to be found anywhere else in the world, surely not in the city, where everything pinches and warps, where gayety is unnatural and color is not of the blood. So generous of impulse are the girls in the village, the sense of physical self-valuation is alien to them. Oh, army days, days of youth, of freedom and laughter, of vigor and joy! Days unreturnable . . .

Our soldier had brought back with him a bag of tricks from the army. Forthwith, the reaction of the Jewish girls was favorable. Nor was Etl indifferent. What a dashing fellow! He strummed the guitar and he sang, sang army songs and danced like a Cossack. Five chairs he could lift, without having to stir them from the floor for a start. He would blow steam on a window pane and draw caricatures of those who looked on. He made puppets of bread, dexterously carved fishes from wood. Late hours he would still be up, telling tales; and he would again be invited to come.

He came more frequently after his discharge. He had not forgotten Etl. A soldier, away in the wide, Christian world—and he had not forgotten the small-town Etl! Was there, then, no one like her out in the wide world where soldiers maneuver and march? Gdalie should have known. It was said that his former ways had mended with his memory of her. Brooding far from home, he had developed a tenderness and pensiveness of soul. On his return he was scarcely to be recognized. And he resumed his visits, unable to withstand the flowerlike eyes of Etl. He went to her father, our grandfather, who had since died.

"Reb Velvil!"

"Yes, Gdalie?"

"There is a matter about which I'd like to talk to you."

Grandfather was not long in understanding. "Sit down," he said. "A fine boy has the czar made of you!"

"I can't complain," affirmed Gdalie. "I am strong, thank God. See these two hands? They can bend iron. I have served my term. I am free, like the wind in the field." The ex-soldier became somewhat fidgety. "There is only one thing. Perhaps I can get here a drink of some kind?"

Grandfather summoned one of his younger daughters. "Bring me in the decanter, with two glasses."

The young man who had served the czar and whose hands could bend iron, had warmed to the occasion, and he strode restlessly over the room. His heels clicked as he came to a halt. There was the soldier still in his bearing, and he addressed grandfather as he might have addressed a colonel.

"You know. I don't have to tell you. A young man, he comes back, and he seeks to settle down at something. I am not worrying. With my ten fingers I could do anything. But then what? To be alone isn't good. I don't have to tell you."

"Your parents, may they live to be a hundred and twenty," suggested grandfather calmly; "I thought that you were with them."

"Yes; but it's not so. I am no longer a child. And a man needs a wife. Then," hastened Gdalie, "he makes himself a home. One earns, one has for whom. It's not in vain. I don't have to tell you." He gesticulated with one strong hand and blushed a trifle, so that his swarthy complexion was heightened and his eyes bulged into prominence. "The young years are over. A Jew. It's time. Why make a fool of myself and send a matchmaker? So I came here myself."

"I still don't understand you," persisted grandfather slyly, and he offered Gdalie another drink.

It helped. The young soldier's mouth watered, his words loosened. He stood, changing from one leg to the other.

"You know, Reb Velvil. I don't have to tell you. I should like to take your

daughter. God knows, she pleases me. And why shouldn't she please me? A faulty child, what? I think that I, too, am not one of the leftovers. Do you see these two hands? Another might ask for dowry. Not Gdalie! My ten fingers. They will bend iron."

Grandfather sat and pondered. He playfully drummed the table, and in his eyes there was a merry twinkle. He chanted, hummed; and Gdalie waited impatiently, uncertain of the impression he had made.

"Indeed, your hands could not be called weak," observed grandfather.

"I can't complain," modestly asserted the soldier bride-seeker.

"Have you spoken to Etl?"

"No. I thought I should speak to you first."

Again grandfather drummed and hummed good-naturedly.

"I'll see her about this," he declared at length. And with this his audience had ended.

Gdalie had begun to consider himself a prospective suitor. He courted Etl with zeal. He had become an upholsterer and could come only evenings. His civilian clothes seemed tight on him, his coat narrow and short. With his shaven cheeks and strong neck he looked hardly like a Jew.

"The night is fair. Let us go for a walk."

"Ask mother." Her answer was superfluous, for Aunt Etl was by temperament regarded capable of looking after herself. But why indulge one who so openly liked her?

They went for a walk, and the night was really fair. The ex-soldier was gallant and nimble. He knew how to hold a girl's arm. Gdalie looked fit to have been a corporal.

"Who was it whom you have just greeted?" He had begun to employ the familiar pronoun.

"Oh, an acquaintance."

"An acquaintance? Who is he? Do I know him?"

Gdalie was jealous. But he had exhausted his stock of words. He felt too ardently to talk. The young woman was his. Who could take her from him? Her hands, her waist, her head; these cheeks, red lips and flowerlike eyes were his. And as he gazed at her he thought it strange that this handsome person, with its youth and strong heart, should entirely belong to him. Yet he was indisputably her master.

But considering himself her undisputed master, he could not but become her undisputed slave. That Etl liked him he knew—although she had never actually betrayed any affection for him. And he was greedy for a manifestation of tenderness from her. His life had long enough been bleak and coarse. Now he worked hard. Worked to establish a home for her. She would be like a child to him—child and mother combined, as a loving woman should be. Well, that would come later. As the man, he would inspire such feeling in her. All over the world a man roams, while his fated one waits for him in the home of her father and mother. Waiting amid leisure, she blooms into vigor and beauty; and when she is like a ripe fruit he comes and takes her away. She becomes his, dearest of all those whom he had ever held dear. Man must own the one whom he loves. And the loved one sustains him with the warm attachment of her heart.

"See these two hands?"

In his impatience Gdalie had begun to press for their engagement; but an untoward incident occurred. Let mother narrate it. She does it modestly. Mother never wastes words, and she dislikes exaggeration above all. She lived at that time in grandfather's house, and was no less than any one familiar with all that took place.

"What should have happened, happened. Estr interfered."

"Who was Estr?"

"Estr was Etl's friend. They grew up together. One did not take a step without the other. Estr had begun to like this Gdalie."

"So—?"

"The rest you know. Etl stepped out of the way, and—"

"But Gdalie liked Etl, and Etl liked him."

"So it was said. But she liked her friend, and her friend liked the soldier."

"And did the soldier like her?"

"It was said that he didn't. And Etl knowing, set herself to change his mind. She praised Estr. She brought the two together. Herself she now refused to go out with the soldier. And for her friend's sake she neglected her dress. But the more she put him off, the more Gdalie liked her.

"Well, she had a talk with him. And she explained everything. Told him how well she thought of him. But between spending the time as they were accustomed to together and marrying, is a long distance. Her mind, anyhow, was not yet on that. Estr liked him. A better wife was not to be thought of. She promised to remain his friend. Etl knows how to talk. And Gdalie understood that he no more could move her than he could a mountain. He consented, because he liked Etl too much to displease her. It came out so: since he could not have her, he would at least have one whom she had chosen for him as a wife."

It was shortly after that Aunt Etl met and married Duvid. He was of delicate mold, with a sensitive voice and the eyes of a hare. He was presentable, though; some even thought him handsome. If at all remarkable, he was so only for the distinguished shirts he wore, fancy shirts, with starched cuffs and fronts—the kind appropriate for none but actors. It was rumored that Duvid was afraid of Etl. But whether they had taken each other out of mutual love was a question never definitely answered.

Gdalie, the upholsterer, continued to cherish his passion for aunt long after he had married Estr and had children with her. The love of his youth could not be forgotten. Even a cow one does not forget, not to speak of a human being—and what a human being! And why should he keep his feelings a secret? Once every other year or so he visited her in the suburbs, for once that often Aunt Etl gave birth to a child. And the ex-soldier came, uninvited.

He came, morose and reproachful of countenance, his heart filled with scorn. He had not yet forgiven aunt. How could he have forgiven her? All

his life he had been miserable. And for this she was to blame. She had betrayed him, had betrayed herself. She had given him Estr, who had followed him here; everywhere she was following him. And what sort of husband was Duvid? The irony of it! She had ruined his life, and her own as well. Could he ever forgive her? Should she ever forgive herself?

And at each celebration Gdalie got drunk. Aunt Etl appeared not to take notice. But he insisted on obtruding himself upon her attention. He repeatedly filled his glass, toasting the health of the mother and her newborn. His own wife and children looked on; one of them, a boy, was already of understanding age. But what did that matter?

He came close to Aunt Etl's bed. He gazed intently at her, and his silence in his disorderly state was pathetic. Aunt Etl, however, could not be provoked. She lay, without turning her head; and the most that one might have discerned was a twinkle of compassion in an otherwise faint smile of amusement.

"You are looking?" queried Gdalie. "You can't recognize your bridegroom!"

Some tried to interfere.

"Enough, Gdalie; you have had enough."

But it only incited the ex-soldier.

"An unhappy man am I. A worm its within me, and he gnaws, he gnaws. Here he sits, here!"

And with his fist Gdalie pounded his chest, where the worm sat and gnawed. But his fervor no one understood nor respected. Aunt persisted in her listlessness. Gdalie reeled. He drew closer to her bed.

"How pretty she is!" he exclaimed.

The big upholsterer bent over Aunt Etl. He swayed, supporting himself on his arms. But his gaze was riveted to the flowerlike eyes on the pillow, tranquil eyes, still avoiding him. And as he gazed, his shoulder seemed shaken with sobs. Of all present, mother stepped forward.

"Come, come, Gdalie. Calm yourself."

Gdalie liked mother; somehow he sensed that she too had suffered. He followed her unresisting to a corner; and there he sat, most wretched in his subjugation.

"A man should make himself so foolish!" dryly commented Uncle Duvid, and he smiled good-naturedly. His temper was seldom disturbed. What for? It was healthier to take things lightly.

The rest expressed themselves similarly about Gdalie. For a while every one spoke in an undertone. To the guests this was a comedy they had learned to expect and enjoy at the childbirth celebrations held rather frequently at the house of Duvid and Etl. The presence of Gdalie's kin somewhat impaired the enjoyment. And why, indeed, did they come?

We are now approaching aunt's house. It's the biggest of its kind in the suburbs, with two windows on each side. Aunt occupies half the house.

From the window facing the street a curtain has been lifted. Cousin Libi! She disappears with a dart to report our coming. And a smile of anticipation spreads over each face. Who will be first to greet us.

The door opens as we enter the yard, and Libi with two of her sisters rush out in a cluster. In a moment they are upon us, timidly pulling our sleeves, twining their arms around our knees and giving vent to spontaneous laughter. They are wild. And who would take them for Jews? We can't induce them to talk.

But Aunt Etl has meanwhile emerged, on her face an expression of irresistible hospitality.

"A good-Sabbath, a good-Sabbath!"

There is mirth as well as warmth in these plain greetings broadly exchanged between us in the neat, vacant yard, under a blazing sun, amid a rural environment of orchards and gardens and huts—the only well-dressed, non-working group amid a coarse setting of nature and toil.

"Take a look at Etl!" father exclaims. "Eyes like a kitten's, after a nap! Did you have sweet dreams, daughter dear? Oh, wait—I'm afraid she is again—"

Uncle Nachman is first to laugh out; Aunt Etl lowers her head. She is too happy to take offense; then, she knows and likes father too well. A whole week she has waited, and now she is again with those whom she cherishes most. What a tall, kind aunt we have! But that shadow of sorrow beneath the genuine, heartfelt gladness. Can one mistake the pain, mature, ingrown, ennobling, the maternal gaze of our beautiful aunt? Is she not happy? No one seems to know, for aunt does not indulge in superfluous talk.

But Duvid—where is Duvid?

"Sha, sha, don't worry. My husband is asleep!"

Our cousins don't leave us. And there is a goodly number of them, may they live long! The oldest is Surki. Poor girl. She is not pretty. Has a nose "like an axe," mother says. Well, bother! A nose! But for that, the girl has a golden heart.

There are Shaindel and Libi—country children all, who smile and blush and mumble alternately. They are born to grow up in these parts; they seldom go anywhere, seldom see anyone. We are the link connecting them with civilization. And some of us do not fail to take advantage of our pronounced superiority. We puff up and hold aloof.

It is pleasant and cool in the vestibule, in spite of the heat. As usual, the window sill attracts us with its fancy tin boxes, cracked flower pot, and slim cucumbers fresh with black earth. A child's shoe, down at the heel, has been abandoned on the floor in a hurry. And, of course, the inevitable bucket stands three-quarters empty, as if it has been intentionally placed to be in the way; the water looks yellow with the sunbeams falling through the window, and one could almost count the dust that has settled on top.

"Ah, a good-Sabbath, a good-Sabbath!"

Uncle Duvid is smilingly advancing to us across the kitchen. Aunt Etl's husband has the tender voice of an inveterate smoker. He is lean, with a yellowish stub of a beard; his ears are long, and one can tell that his hair will never fall out. Uncle is bullet-headed. But his blue shirt, with its numerous ruffles, dazzles the eye.

A kitchen—"large as a field!" The furniture seems to be lost in it. And yet we at once feel at home here. Something in the atmosphere that catches and holds.

"Such a distance," complains grandmother; "without breath one remains coming to you."

"Why do you stand there like a lime image?" Uncle Duvid cries to Libi. "Go and fetch grandma a chair!"

"The Garden of Eden is in this house!"

"The fruit is ripe everywhere."

"Have a look through the window!"

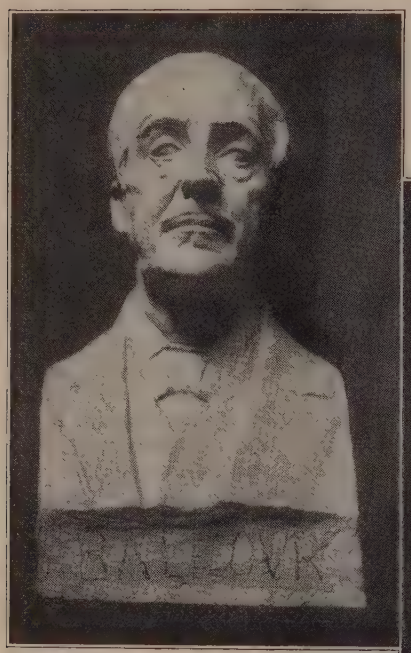
We all look. The fruit indeed hangs ripe in the trees, golden treasures, glistening in the sun, every quivering leaf impressive in its individual animation. Summer, sweet summer. Life, wonderful life. Blessed be the undying spirit of growth and creation!

We scatter over the house, spacious, and odorous of summer, odorous of nature and ripe fruit. People breathe this air, live this life, become part and product of it.

(To be continued)

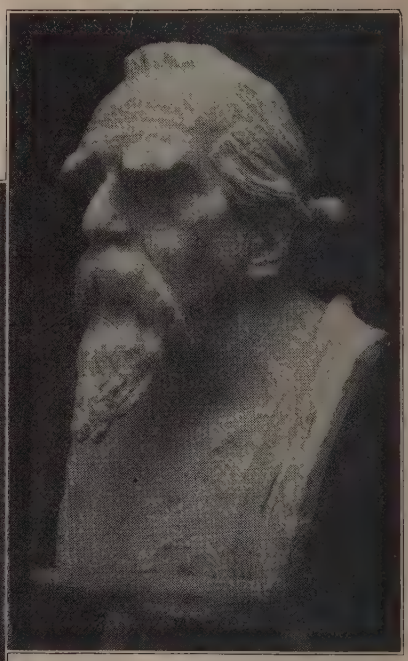
Henry Glicenstein, Sculptor of the Soul

By Yakir Behar



Lord Balfour

Jeremiah



Luigi Luzzatti

IN the presence of Henry Glicenstein's works the Jewish soul (and a spark of the eternal Jewish soul still remains in the most indifferent of us) is percursed by a mysterious fluid which leads us to Bezalel, the biblical father of arts.

Glicenstein is not a founder of a new school, but he has his own style, his own characteristics, his own individuality and, what is more precious for us, he remains always and above all a Jew. His favorite book is the Bible. His strong conceptions, his philosophical idealism and his natural tendency to symbolism make him a candidate for immortality, and we are filled with astonishment at the thought that two little hands, hard as stone, have been capable of impressing on the raw materials a high spirit of chastity and religion.

These creative hands belong to a little man, made old by work, fatigue and preoccupation. But his eyes glitter with a vivid light, his forehead is spacious and his smile sweet.

Henry Glicenstein came to the maturity of genius by a tiring thorny and hard road; but he can consider himself happy at having obtained success.

His works, considered one by one, constitute the milestones of his progressive ascension. The wood and the stone that he engraves himself, without the help of the marble-cutter, the terra cotta and the incisions in copper show us the true Glicenstein, the true artist of pure form and masterly technique. The unity, the sobriety and simplicity, the perfect mastery of the technical means, the seriousness and the beauty of the conception; all these qualities make of him one of the great masters of modern sculpture.

It would be very interesting to discuss every one of his works as each one evokes a great thought, a symbol of life and a sensation of infinity. But we will limit ourselves to those which have a special interest for our people.

The "Messiah" of the Minden collection, Berlin, is one of Glicenstein's principal works. Massive, rude, superb in its solid and iron outline and its dominating strength it constitutes a granite page of the Old Testament, translated into a monumental and solemn sculpture, in the presence of which one remains mute and moved by the strength and intensity of the interior drama.

This "Messiah" does not sleep but thinks constantly. In his wrathful visage we feel his terrible anger; and the quivering fist tells us that justice will have its day of reckoning. He does not come from our world, but from an Olympus of Titans living in the sculptor's fancy.

A contrast to the "Messiah" is the "*Ecce Homo*" whose expression is painful and resigned, and in which are reflected the eternal human sufferings. This statue, compact in its structure, possesses a balanced sense of firmness, as of a figure in an old French cathedral.

The work is metaphysical in conception and in execution: the movement of planes in a parallel order, that adornment of folds which seems likely to break the harmony of the limbs, that modelling, sweeping over details without neglecting any, offer a conception of an internal passion, an ineffable pain which cannot be described and yet

appears, specially, in the hands—which seem to enclose the world—and in the simple and tortured breast.

In the "Jeremiah" we meet with the bitter regret for a happiness that has passed away, a lament for something that is irredeemably lost.

We find in this work expressions of desperate sorrow and suffering which are suppressed and therefore lacerate our heart all the more intensely. It is the impression of a terrifying pathos which does not find an outlet and consequently seems to have become petrified into stone. What life pulsates in it, particularly in the head bowing to a fate which is inexorable.

The statue of Perez is a project for a monument to the great Yiddish writer. Glicenstein represents him as *Bontze Schweig*, who after a life of unending fatigue and suffering turns to God. The Almighty asks him what he wishes as a reward for his life of torment borne in silence. The poor man answers: *"A Zemmel mit putter"* (a buttered roll).

The project reproduces Perez, carrying the staff of the wandering Jew and wearing a long cassock, his hand is stretched out pleading . . . not for the *zemmel*, but for peace for the Jews. This statue was exhibited at the Geneva Exhibition of Modern Art in 1921.

Last but not least there is the bust of Luzzatti, the grand statesman who died recently. Glicenstein was bound to him by a deep friendship of long standing, and so had many opportunities of reproducing his likeness. Thus, this superb work remains one of his most important and realistic pieces. It represents a modern *tzaddik* propagating the ideal of fraternity among men of all races and all religions.

Glicenstein has also happy, pleasing compositions like his "Ruth and Boaz," which has the lyrical quality of a Shelley poem; and his illustrations for the Book of Samuel are not simply historical illustrations as are those of Dore or of Delacroix; they are more sculptured than incised, and they seem to be of a world that exists only in the artist's mind.

Those pen and ink drawings of Glicenstein's with lights and shadows, as for instance, the dramatic "Crucifixion" remind us of Rembrandt. This latter work is the expression of the eternal Jew unjustly condemned. In this work there is a mountain full of crosses—our eternal *via Crucis*—and the terrible scene of a pogrom.

Different from the drawings, his etchings are elaborate and perfect, directly incised on the copper plate they do not tolerate any uncertainty; one line expresses everything—movement, expression, plasticity. The wish to say much in a few strokes gives to the etchings a vivacity and incredible vitality.

Besides his compositions such as "Adam and Eve in the Garden" there are the portraits that the artist executes directly on the copper-plate and that serve him as preparatory studies for the busts. They are of mathematical precision, but not lacking in essential spiritual characteristics.

There are busts in bronze, marble, terra cotta, wood—among them very sweet portraits of smiling women. There is one of Mrs. Ebby Warburg of Hamburg, full of feminine fascination and untold grace. Famous is also the portrait of Lord Balfour.

When Glicenstein was in London in 1922 exhibiting his work there for the first time, Frank Rutter, in referring to him, wrote that it was "the most interesting one-man show we have had by a foreign artist." And Lewis Hind wrote of one of his statues that "if the church still bought works of real art, this intense, absorbed praying man, lost to the world in communion with God, would find a place in a niche of a chapel."

To compare H. Glicenstein with other Jewish sculptors is rather difficult. The only one who is near him in strength and value is Jacob Epstein. He is a very forceful and courageous artist, despising all that is traditional and making sculpture that repulses and attracts, that is antipathetic for its dullness, but is of value for its energy and technical novelty. He has not reproduced subjects of a biblical nature. The one sculpture which has had success, especially in England, is a "Christ" wrapped in the winding sheet showing the wounds in the hands. The difference between Glicenstein and Epstein all lies in the conception: the former makes use of matter to rise to spirit or to mould his ideas; the latter is all matter, brutal matter, but full of vigor and life.

Glicenstein continues to create. He is preparing for an exhibition in New York next January under the auspices of Benjamin Winter, the president of the Federation of Polish Jews of America. He will exhibit his most significant and important works, among them: Bar Kochba, Jeremiah, and Boaz and Ruth. There will be sculptures in marble, bronze and woodcarvings. There will also be portraits, fountains and drawings.

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Managing Director

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New York City

B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation Reaches West Coast

By Benjamin B. Goldstein

FOR many years, and more vitally of late, the need of some work among the Jewish students at the University of California has been felt both by the students themselves and by interested outsiders. Western Jewry has grown greatly in numbers and in influence in the last few years. The west coast presents a strong Jewish community of which the younger members are in attendance at the university in Berkeley to the number of some 500. Perhaps the actual count would exceed this figure, for, as is common among Jewish students, some have not revealed their religious antecedents. But while the vast majority of these students are from families resident on the west coast, there is a not insignificant number gathered from eastern cities.

Rabbi Benjamin B. Goldstein

Some organization was needed to bring these students to a common center where they might be prepared for the group life which they will find when they leave the campus. To develop these group contacts and group interests—a program which is vital to the continued life of the Jew—the Menorah Society with its infrequent meetings and the fraternities and sororities with their closed circles were not sufficient. Some larger, more inclusive institution was needed—particularly one which would give the students those broad aspects of Jewish life which would stand them in good stead when they come to fill positions in the community to which they return. All of this need was the more felt because the university itself was attempting to prepare its students for actual community life, and, consequently, the Jew felt that some work in his particular field ought be done. To fill this vacancy, or at least to attempt the solution of the problem presented, the B. B. Hillel Foundation was established at the University of California.

The University of California itself is a co-educational institution, with a student population of some 9800. Unlike many sister institutions, in the east, the University of California manifests noticeably little, if any, prejudice because of religious or racial affiliation. Situated in the comparatively new west, where social lines have yet to be definitely drawn and where there is always a generous mingling of many diversified people from the Orient, far and near, the university student body, faculty and administration display a liberality and good fellowship rarely to be found in the more conservative eastern institutions.

Jewish students feel and manifest little of the self-consciousness which characterizes them in the eastern

schools. While they do group together loosely in Jewish organizations, they have very few, if any, complaints of evidence of ill will on the part of other groups. In fact, not infrequently Jewish students are found in the enrollment of non-Jewish fraternities and sororities. Thus, Jewish students in the west are not driven to their Jewish affiliations; they choose them.

Of course, it is correspondingly more difficult to organize them, for they do not feel that pressure which brings them to their group. The work of the Foundation, therefore, is but little concerned with building defenses to outside opposition, but is rather devoting itself to such a constructive program as shall prove attractive to the Jewish students.

Much of the groundwork for the Foundation was laid by an untiring and devoted group of women, the California Alliance of Jewish Women. For some eight years this group has served as completely as it could the needs of the Jewish student body. Its hearty co-operation in the carrying on of the Foundation will mean much to the Foundation's success. Many of the organizations around the Bay region have expressed their deep interest and shown themselves eager for the work of the Foundation. The local B'nai B'rith Lodge has generously contributed to the Library Fund, as has the Council of Jewish Women of the East Bay. Such outside interest means much to the Foundation for it stimulates the interest of the students, many of whom are the children of parents affiliated with the organizations mentioned, and gives them assurance of an existing Jewish life of service to which they may contribute their efforts.

The Foundation has already completed the formation of committees and a student council. The work is being conducted through an organization of students similar to that used in other universities where B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations exist.

The Foundation Center is a large house situated just off the campus. It is conveniently located so that students may come to its quarters either between classes or after school. The large number of daily commuters to San Francisco, and the far larger number who go to their homes in the Bay region for the week ends handicap the Foundation somewhat in its program. The Foundation does serve, however, as a meeting place for those students who would otherwise make but few Jewish contacts, and furnishes a medium through which they may build up a Jewish group life which is essential to the continuance of the Jew.

Thus the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation has reached the west coast.

News of the Lodges

ALTON LODGE of Alton, Ill., has bought a former Methodist church and transformed it into a synagogue. During the recent High Holy days, the lodge conducted services in this building for the 18 local Jewish families and for co-religionists from towns as far as 75 miles away. Brother Hiram D. Frankel, executive director of District Grand Lodge No. 6, was in charge. Services are held there also every Sunday for the 100 Jewish students of the Western Military Academy who are required to attend some form of religious devotion.

* * *

MENORAH LODGE of Baltimore, Md., dedicated its new auditorium a few weeks ago. An enthusiastic crowd turned out for the occasion, and addresses on the significance of the Order were delivered by prominent Jews and non-Jews, among them Mayor Broening of Baltimore.

* * *

UNDER the leadership of Dr. Saul G. Weiss, its new president, the B'nai B'rith Lodge of Muskogee, Oklahoma, is making remarkable headway. A spirit of enthusiasm has been injected into the meetings which are now very well attended. Cultural programs are being successfully carried through.

* * *

AMONG the new lodges recently instituted are Garfield Park Lodge No. 1088, of Chicago, and Dubuque Lodge No. 1089, of Dubuque, Iowa.

* * *

A MEMORABLE dinner for prospective members was given by Manhattan-Washington Lodge No. 19 of New York City. Forty-four new members were signed up, among them: Benjamin Winter, Dr. S. M. Melamed and Congressman Wm. W. Cohen. This means, among other things, that all four Jewish Congressmen from New York are now members of this constantly growing lodge.

President Jerome C. Lewis of Manhattan-Washington presided at the dinner. And the following addresses were delivered: "The I. O. B. B. and its Place in Jewish Life," by Hon. Maurice Bloch, president of District No. 1; "The Cultural Work of the Order," by Maurice P. Davidson, and "The Colophon," by Rabbi Jonah B. Wise.

A large measure of the success of this dinner was due to the indefatigable devotion and ability of Philip Cowen, the old time enthusiast and ever active secretary of the lodge.

* * *

BROTHER MOSES SHAPIRO, president of Winston-Salem Lodge No. 1077 of Winston-Salem, N. C., has been unanimously elected commander of Clyde Belling Post No. 55—the local American Legion post and the largest in the state.

* * *

Fred A. Miller

FRED A. MILLER of Lorain, Ohio, disappeared on September 9, 1927. Mr. Miller is five feet seven inches tall, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds, is forty-seven years old and has a prominent scar on the nose. He belongs to the Masons, Elks and Eagles. Anyone locating him should notify the Lorain, Ohio, lodges of these orders and assure Mr. Miller that his friends wish him to return home.

* * *

NOT District No. 3, as was mistakenly reported, but District No. 4, has the honor of having organized the first Girls' Junior Auxiliary in the United States. This took place in Seattle, Wash., during the fall of 1925. And the initiator was Mrs. Rose Mauser of San Francisco who also compiled the ritual now employed by these juniors.

District No. 4 has at present in all, 24 Women's Senior Auxiliaries, with a membership of 3,034, and 4 Girls' Junior Auxiliaries, with a membership of 234. The senior auxiliaries are to have 2 representatives on the advisory board of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation at Berkeley, Calif.

STUDENTS of Ohio State University will now have a chance to get acquainted with the Arabic, Jewish and Christian scholastic systems of thought. Rabbi Lee J. Levinger, who is the director of the B. B. Hillel Foundation at the Buckeye seat of learning, has been appointed lecturer on medieval philosophy at that school.

* * *

EVER increasingly gratifying progress is being made by the A. Z. A. Junior Auxiliary of our Order. And the older brothers are well aware of the value of the work being done by the young men of this auxiliary.

On October 24 the entire meeting of David Fish Lodge of Chicago was devoted to a discussion of the A. Z. A. and its activities.

New chapters have recently been established in Chicago, Detroit and Hattiesburg, Miss.

* * *

SIMON E. SOBELOFF, a member of Menorah Lodge, Baltimore, was recently appointed assistant city solicitor by Mayor Broening of that city. Sobeloff's first job was in Broening's private law offices. He began as office boy and rapidly worked up to a valuable assistant.

* * *

Josephine Schwartz

JOSEPHINE SCHWARTZ, daughter of J. Schwartz, 815 24th Street, East St. Louis, Ill., disappeared a few weeks ago. She has grey eyes and dark brown hair and weighs about 110 lbs. Her parents believe the girl is in Chicago or New York. Anyone recognizing her should get in touch with her father who is a member of the B'nai B'rith Lodge of East St. Louis.

David B. Samuel was recently re-elected Judge of the City Court of Shreveport, Louisiana. Judge Samuel will be remembered as a former president of District Grand Lodge, No. 7. He is also a 33rd degree Mason and active in various forms of Jewish and general public endeavor in the South.

Wider Scope Campaign In Full Swing

IN AN interview given to the Jewish Press, Ambassador Abram I. Elkus explains the reasons why he has willingly taken up the task of Honorary Chairman of the B'nai B'rith Wider Scope Committee.

"One has only to read the record of the Hillel Foundations in Illinois, in Michigan, in Ohio, to quickly realize that they have become bulwarks against the attacks upon Jewishness by the pseudo-liberalism and sham culture that find expression in many of our universities, that they serve to strengthen the Jewish stamina of our student youth, many of whom have had quickened in themselves an eagerness to be of Jewish service.

"This is one time when the Jews of the rest of the country have not waited for the Jews of New York to act. They have realized the value of the Hillel Foundations and have made it possible for the B'nai B'rith Wider Scope Committee to establish them, as I have indicated, and at the same time have afforded the Wider Scope Committee means to carry on a systematic propaganda for bringing Judaism into the Jewish home, and to help their Christian neighbors to have a better, or rather I should say, a genuine understanding of Jews, their character and their aspirations.

"The Anti-Defamation League, the work of which is supported by the Wider Scope Committee of the B'nai B'rith, has for a number of years been endeavoring, with remarkable success, to eliminate the "Jew joke" from the press and the stage, to point out to editors, writers and publishers the injustice both to the Jews and to all the people of disseminating inaccurate, false and libelous statements about us. Now it is going a step further. It is organizing a campaign of education that will bring accurate information concerning Jews to large groups of men and women, especially those who are in a position to make public opinion.

"In this work, as in the work of advancing the cause of Jewish education by multiplying the number of Hillel Foundations in this country, the B'nai B'rith must have the co-operation and support of the Jews of New York. And it is to win for it this support, that I shall strive, confident that they will stand by me—no, I don't mean that: confident that they will demonstrate again as they have so often demonstrated, that the cause of Israel in America, is precious to them."

The following are a few additional names of prominent members who have agreed to act on a committee of fifty, organized by Honorable Abram I. Elkus: Joseph Barondess, Congressman Emanuel Celler, Dr. Louis I. Harris—Commissioner of Health of New York City—Rabbi Nathan Krass, Judge Edward Laszansky, Judge Otto A. Rosalsky, James N. Rosenberg and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise.

Everything is set for finishing up the campaign in District No. 2. The combined efforts of the Wider Scope with the Orphan Home in Cleveland are proving to be very successful. Kansas City will, undoubtedly, be able to announce on December 1 that the combined quota of $75,000.00 has been fully subscribed. Brother Joseph Cohen, chairman for the State of Kansas, conceives absolute success in their effort throughout the State. Wichita has already subscribed one-half of the quota. The committees in Indiana are in full action, and their success is absolutely assured. Mr. Lou M. Frank is energetically following up the smaller communities in Ohio. Zanesville has already completed its task. Favorable returns are expected from Canton, Liverpool, Lorain and Sandusky before the month is over. Dayton, Ohio, assuming the quota of $35,000.00 in the combined drive, reports more than half raised at the first meeting.

Philadelphia leaders are still proceeding with their effort to complete their quota of $100,000.00, and judging by their returns, this amount will be raised. Judge Joseph L. Kun addressed a meeting at Reading, Pa., on September 7. Other communities in the District are making a strenuous effort to complete their drive before the end of the year.

Mr. Richard E. Gutstadt, secretary of District Grand Lodge No. 4, touring the Northwest, reports enthusiastically about the outcome of the Wider Scope Campaign work, and is convinced that this part of the country will do more than its share in raising the full quota of the District.

"Fifty per cent of the entire quot must be raised before the year is over, says Brother Joseph A. Wilner, pres dent of District No. 5, and his co-work ers are with him in trying to reach th goal. Brother Henry A. Alexander energetically stimulating the efforts a along the line. Oscar Leonard, fiel worker of the National Headquarters covered a number of localities i North Carolina, Virginia and Sout Carolina. In Richmond, under th leadership of Brother William H Schwartzchild, with the assistance o Edwin L. Levy, and with the fu hearted support of Rabbi E. N. Calisch the results of the campaign are full assured. In Norfolk, Mr. Bertram S Nusbaum and Rabbi A. A. Steinbac assume the leadership. The campaig in Harrisonburg is stimulated by th efforts of Rabbi L. D. Scwannenfel In Charleston, a mass meeting wa held on October 16, at which one-ha of the quota was raised by the city.

Hiram D. Frankel, secretary of Di trict Grand Lodge No. 6, reports tha at a luncheon in Winnipeg, one-thir of the quota was raised and, that wit the enthusiasm existing in the com munity, there is no question that th rest will be forthcoming. Mr. Aaro Droock is organizing the state o Michigan and Harry Lashkowitz is con tinuing his effort in raising the quot for North and South Dakota. In Min nesota, the campaign is scheduled fo November 30 under the leadership o Arthur Brin.

The Executive Committee of Di trict No. 7 which met at Dallas, Texa October 16, passed unanimously th following resolution:

"The Executive Committee recom mends to the District Wider Scop Committee that it proceed with it state and local organizations to th end that the campaign be made in th District as soon after January 1st, a the District Committee can arrang for, and that the Executive Committe as such and the individual membe thereof pledge their support and co-op eration in the project."

Mr. Louis Pizitz is absolutely sur that the entire quota of the Distric will be raised. A. B. Freyer, the vice chairman, is energetically proceedin with the organization of the Distric committees, which will be complete before January 1.

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NEWARK is proud of Temple B'nai Jeshurun, said to be one of the largest and finest synagogues in America. How fitting that this place of worship should have a heating system that keeps its interior immaculate.

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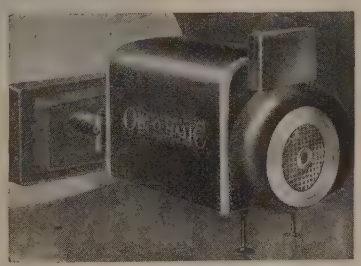

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Across the Seas

DRAMA would be in a sad plight in the German-speaking countries were it not for the Jews. This is forcefully brought home in the October (special holiday) issue of the official organ of Grand Lodge No. 8 of Germany. The whole magazine is devoted to Jewish dramatists of our time.

Comprehensive articles are devoted to: Ludwig Fulda, George Hirschfeld, Moritz Heimann, Arthur Schnitzler, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Richard Beer-Hofman, Stefan Zweig, Carl Sternheim, Max Brod, Arnold Zweig, Franz Werfel, Paul Kornfeld, Alfred Wolfenstein, H. J. Rehfisch, Ernst Toller, I. E. Poritzky, Emil Bernhard and Heinrich Eduard Jacob.

* * *

THROUGH the medium of the official publication of the B'nai B'rith of Austria, for October, 1927, the lodges of that country make an appeal for the support of their public undertakings. Twenty-two separate institutions and public welfare enterprises are listed. Among them are aid societies for students, sickly children, needy and incapacitated adults, orphans and poor scholars. Also there are museums and centers of Jewish culture.

This indicates not only the admirable spirit of our brethren in Austria, but shows tellingly also that the high feeling of public responsibility which characterizes the B'nai B'rith of America has just as strong a hold among the members of our Order across the sea.

* * *

A PROGRAM of adult education that is well worth emulating was begun last month by Glasgow Lodge of Glasgow, Scotland. In co-operation with the Glasgow Hebrew College a comprehensive series of lecture courses is being offered in English and in Hebrew on a wide variety of Jewish subjects. The topics in English are: The Prophet Isaiah, The Synagogue and its Services, The History of the Jewish National Movement, The Talmud, The Wisdom Literature, The Ethical Foundations of Judaism, Biblical Chronology, The Persian, Greek and Roman Periods in Jewish History, and Anglo-Jewish History.

The courses offered in Hebrew are: Modern Hebrew Poetry, Achad Ha'am and Herzl, and The Bible and Higher Criticism.

A FEW years before the war there was founded in Belgrade a B'nai B'rith Lodge affiliated with the Grand Lodge of Constantinople. Now this lodge is arousing enthusiasm throughout Jugo-Slavia. Ten members from Zagreb, a neighboring community, with the Chief Rabbi Dr. Gavro Schwarz at the head, have been admitted into the Belgrade Lodge. And it seems certain now that before long Zagreb will have a lodge of its own. Also a movement is under way to organize lodges in the other Jewish centers of the little country: Subotica, Sarajevo, Novi-sad, Osijek and Skoplje.

Home of Moravia Lodge, I. O. B. B., 31 Legionstrasse, Brunn, Czecho-Slovakia, seen from the garden.

* * *

VAGUENESS regarding the qualifications for membership has been cleared up by the First Lodge of England. A committee selected for the purpose of crystalizing those qualifications has reported as follows:

(A) That whilst public service should always be regarded as desirable, membership is open equally to those who are likely to promote the special work of the Order.

(B) That a new method of nomination for membership be introduced so as to avoid the unpleasant business of black-balling.

(C) That candidates who have not previously done public work should, in their application for membership, expressly declare their readiness to engage in the carrying out of the objects of the Order.

(D) That any member should hav the right to propose or second a mem ber. (Hitherto either the proposer o seconder had to be a member of th Council.)

The same committee also recom mended the following means of increas ing membership: circulation of nomi nation forms among all members o the lodge, holding lodge functions an social evenings in various localities an admission of university students at reduced membership fee.

* * *

HAHAM DR. M. GASTER re cently inaugurated the series o lectures which Manchester Lodge o Manchester, England, is undertakin for non-Jewish audiences. Dr. Gaste addressed a large public meeting at th Y. M. C. A. of that city.

* * *

TO raise a benefit fund for the Step ney (Jewish) Girls' Club of Londo the women's B'nai B'rith lodge of tha city presented a Barrie play a fe weeks ago. The presentation was suc cessful both as entertainment and i raising money for the girls' club i whose behalf it was given.

* * *

RABBI Dr. Leo Baeck, president o the B'nai B'rith of Germany, i one of the notables who signed the re cently issued proclamation of the *Hilf verein der deutschen Juden* announcin the revival of its activity on a larg scale. Another who signed is Dr Bernard Kahn, European director o the Joint Distribution Committee.

The *Hilfsverein*, which since the be ginning of the century has represente German Jewry in the work of relie among the Jews of Eastern Europe an the Orient, was compelled to halt it activities during the war and the pos war crisis. But now it is calling upo the Jews of Germany to provide th funds with which to resume once mor its noble work. One of the *Hilfsver ein's* chief objectives at present is t help the Jews of Russia settle on th land being offered by the Russian gov ernment.

In the past the B'nai B'rith playe a prominent part in the activities o the *Hilfsverein*, and the presence o Dr. Baeck's name on the proclamatio mentioned indicates that in the futur our German brethren will be equall active.

Good news for the foot weary

Cantilever Shoes will help your feet back to health

"LIMP IN AND DANCE OUT" has been suggested by a woman as a slogan for Cantilever Stores. It's perfectly true that tired, aching feet find new life in Cantilever Shoes. These attractive oxfords and pumps are shaped for comfort. Their lines are the true lines of the natural foot and their snug fitting flexible arches work with your feet instead of against them.

A beautifully fitting shoe

There's pleasing grace in the fit of a Cantilever Shoe. The modishly rounded toe, the slim heel and the fine, easy leathers, all help to make the Cantilever Shoe one of the most comfortable and smoothly fitting shoes that you could slip your foot into. And it's a smart shoe, too, made in the pump and oxford styles that fashionable New Yorkers are wearing right now.

How weak feet are helped

Cantilever Oxfords give weak, shoe-bound feet the support, comfort and freedom they need. When you lace one of these springy, easy fitting oxfords, the flexible arch of the shoe is pulled up snugly against the undercurve of the foot. You enjoy a gently helpful type of support that leaves your feet free to build the springy strength of foot health. Foot muscles are exercising when you walk and the arch structure is held comfortably in place without the usual restraint of rigid arch shoes. Learn for yourself how good these smart shoes can make your feet feel.

Cantilever Shoe

MEN . WOMEN . CHILDREN

Near you there is a Cantilever Agency where these comfortable shoes will be fitted conscientiously. If you do not find it listed in the telephone book under "Cantilever," write Cantilever Corp., 410 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y., for the address and a style booklet

Why the Jew Laughs

Adapted and Retold by
S. Ben Menahem

Conclusive Evidence

BERYL: "It is a well-known fact that no pious Jew is permitted to walk about with his head uncovered, and yet how is it that in our Torah there is no commandment to this effect?"

Shmeryl: "You are greatly mistaken. There are numerous places in the Torah where the sin of hatlessness is pointed out to us. Take, for example, the passage in Genesis which tells us that 'Jacob went out from Beersheba and went toward Haran.' Now, I ask you, do you think for a moment that a good and pious Jew like the Patriarch Jacob would walk such a long distance without a hat?"

A Model of Brevity

A JEW opened up a fish store in a new neighborhood and he had a sign painted on the window which read as follows: "Fresh Fish For Sale Here." A friend of the storekeeper passed by and began to criticize the wording of the sign saying that it was altogether too long.

"The word 'here' is not necessary," he explained. "Of course you sell your fish here; that's taken for granted. The words 'for sale,' too, are superfluous, since everybody understands that you are not keeping your fish to look at. Then you should remove also the word 'fresh,' since people will not buy anything else but fresh fish from you."

"And when I come to think of it," continued the neighbor philosophically, "you even don't need the word 'fish' on the window."

"How then will people get to know just what I am trying to sell?"

"Never mind, they can smell that," concluded the neighbor.

A Confession of Faith

Dr. Stephen S. Wise relates that a fashionable Jewish young woman in New York City being asked to state her religious affiliation, answered, "I do not exactly know, my father is a democrat."

JEWISH humor has a flavor all its own. It has developed spontaneously as a reflection of the quaint and troublesome life of our people. And as a result almost every Jewish joke or anecdote has real value as folklore.

This is especially true of the stories which S. Ben Menahem is contributing to the Humoresque page.

In accordance with our established rule we are continuing to give a book for each joke or anecdote published. The lucky ones this month are: Philip Sykes, 110 Lexington Ave., Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. M. Berman, 22 W. Adams St., Phoenix, Arizona; Mrs. Bertha Gersenfeld, 281 S. 63rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss R. Lerner, 247 St. Paul St., W., Montreal, P. Q., Canada; and S. K. Davis, 227 11th Ave., E., Duluth, Minn.

Standing On One Foot

TEACHER: "Have you a few minutes to spare?"

Student (wise-cracker): "Yes."

Teacher: "Tell me all you know about Jewish History."

Berele Knew They Meant Him

A RABBI in a certain village was speaking to his people. The congregation was so noisy that it was impossible for him to be heard distinctly. Finally, feeling the necessity for action he shouted. "All fools get out of the hall."

Berele rising to his feet replied, "I paid for my ticket as well as the rest of them."

Goyisha Chochma

MOISHE and his wife came to New York from the farm. For reasons of their own they were looking for the Woman's Exchange. After many fruitless efforts to locate it, they stopped an officer of the law and inquired of him the way to the place.

The officer looked at Moishe's wife and turning to Moishe said, "Well, I don't blame you."

The Child Knows History

A JEWISH youngster, who found considerable entertainment in illustrations of Jewish history, was celebrating his third anniversary by building with blocks.

"What a beautiful structure," remarked his father, who entered the nursery. "What is it supposed to be?"

"That's Solomon's Temple," replied the youngster. And, after a pause—"But don't you be Nebuchadnezzar."

Plenty of Room

A CERTAIN rabbi was being patronized by a millionaire.

"I never go to *Shul*," the millionaire said. "Perhaps you have noticed that, rabbi?"

"Yes, I have noticed it," replied the rabbi gravely.

"Well," boasted the millionaire, "the reason I don't go to *Shul* is because there are so many hypocrites there."

"Oh, don't let that keep you away," said the rabbi smiling, "there is always room for one more, you know."

Generous Dowry

THE professional beggar was anxious to marry off his daughter and a younger competitor was the best match in view.

"And what will you give me if I marry your daughter?" the prospective husband wanted to know.

"Do you know the towns of Bjernin and Brakov?" the father asked. "I will not beg there any more, and will give you the exclusive rights to both of them."

MILEAGE RECORDS CRUMBLE

Get the *Thrill* of Dayton Stabilized Balloon Tire Satisfaction —*EQUIP NOW!*

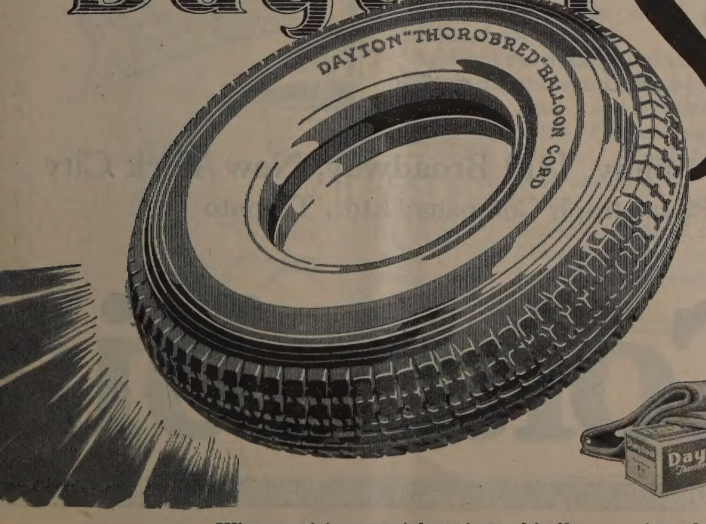
The Dayton Rubber Manufacturing Company has contributed another notable advance in tire construction—the revolutionary *Stabilized* Balloon. It is a tire of surpassing excellence—a tire that will give everything you ask for . . . . *and more!*

Stabilized construction absorbs road shocks and distributes wear evenly. Flat, center-traction tread. No singing, no rumbling. Quick-grip, quick-release non-skid gives lightning "get-away" and perfect safety at all speeds. Stabilizing bands of friction rubber draw the center of tread parallel to center of rim thus preventing "shimmying." The rubber is especially compounded and tempered—by an *exclusive* Dayton process. It is strong and durable—and will outlast extra thousands of miles of toughest driving.

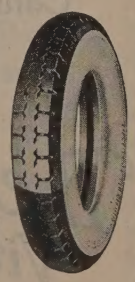
The Dayton *Stabilized* Balloon has many other unparalleled advantages you should know about—exclusive features that will mean more miles and happier miles to you. Ask the Dayton dealer near you about them. Buy no tires until you do!

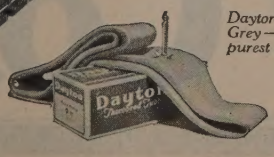
DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO.,
DAYTON, OHIO

Dayton* STABILIZED BALLOONS



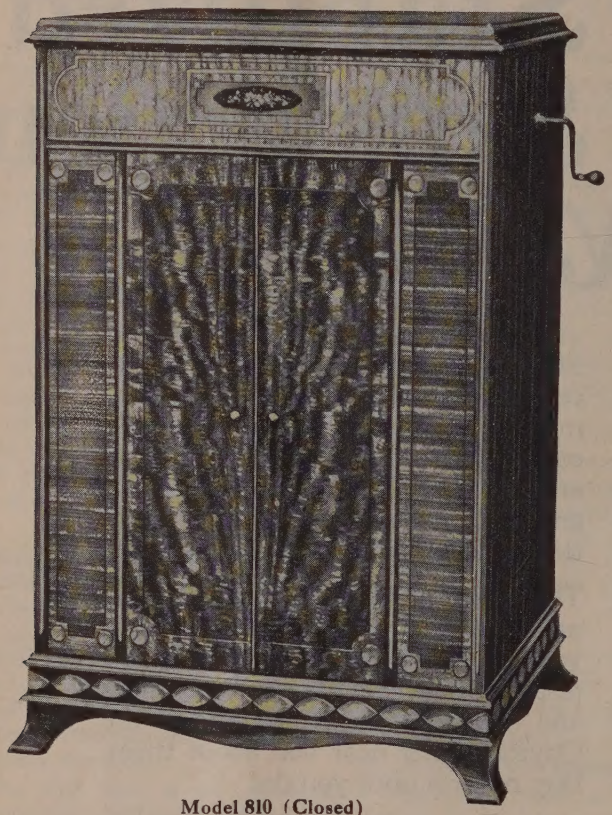
ON WHEELS OF LARGE DIAMETER—install Dayton Thorobred Cords—superlative tire values that smash all mileage records. The Dayton Thorobred is *the pioneer low air pressure tire*—the first to combine comfort with safety and endurance.





Dayton Thorobred Extra-heavy Tubes. Grey—of finest rubber. Red—of purest antimony. Steam-welded and reinforced at valve base. They will hold air.

"Like Life Itself"
The New Viva-tonal Columbia



Model 810 (Closed)

"Like life itself!" What more *can* be said of this marvelous new Columbia achievement, the Viva-tonal Columbia Phonograph? What more, indeed, *could* be said of any musical creation for reproducing recorded sound?

There is no note of voice or instrument too profound, nor are there any too ethereal, for the new Viva-tonal Columbia to reproduce with a fidelity that defies the ear to detect or the imagination to think a difference between the recorded original and its reproduced counterpart.

To the critical music-lover, the Viva-tonal Columbia is a triumph, crowning years of research, experiment and experience. To the skilled cabinetmaker, the Viva-tonal Columbia is a thing of artistic beauty. To its proud owner, the Viva-tonal Columbia is a possession to be displayed and played through the years.

Many of the world's famous operatic artists, concert singers, radio stars, and dance orchestras record exclusively for Columbia. You can get them only on Columbia New Process Records, recorded *the new way—Electrical, Viva-tonal Recording.* These records, "the records without scratch," will be a revelation to you on your phonograph, but *hear them on the new Viva-tonal Columbia.* The renditions will be, indeed, "like life itself."

7 Models

4 Sizes

Columbia

Prices $90 to $300

"All Trade Marks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.; M.R.; M. Inst. Rgtrds. Nos. 18425 y 18426 de 9 de Agosto 1920 y 16088 de 15 de Agosto 1922; Marca Industrial Registrada Bajo Nos. 1040, 2048 y 2072

Columbia Phonograph Company, 1819 Broadway, New York City

Canada: **Columbia Phonograph Company, Ltd., Toronto**

The New Viva-tonal Columbia

A new, remarkably easy way to prepare delicious MAZOLA-MAYONNAISE

"Beating" requires only 30 seconds—perfect results guaranteed!

MAZOLA-MAYONNAISE

1 egg — *⅛ teaspoon paprika*
2 tablespoons sugar — *¼ cup vinegar*
1½ teaspoons salt — *¾ cup Mazola*
2 teaspoons dry mustard — *1 cup water*
4 tablespoons Argo Cornstarch
(All measurements should be level)

PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl, but DO NOT STIR. Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch with ½ cup water add additional ½ cup water and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.

This recipe makes a pound of Mayonnaise for less than 20 cents.

THIS is the new Mazola-Mayonnaise recipe that has amazed thousands of housewives. Easily, quickly made—and you can prepare a pound of this wonderful mayonnaise for less than twenty cents—about one-half the price of manufactured mayonnaise. Merely follow carefully the recipe shown at the left—the results will surprise you.

SALADS made Mazola famous for purity, quality and economy and this new recipe again demonstrates the excellence of this Perfect Oil for all Salads.

Dainty Squares of Crispness

THE name "Premium"—and the blue ribbon on the package—indicate that Premium Soda Crackers are prize winners.

These crispy little squares are dainty in size and shape—flaky and tender and browned just enough to tempt the palate.

Just the thing to serve with soups and salads and delicious with jelly, cheese or sandwich spreads.

For luncheons, teas or light refreshment, Premium Soda Crackers are especially useful.

Their flavor appeals to everyone. Put them on the table and see how they are eaten with every course.

You can buy them in N. B. C. Uneeda Trade Mark Packages or by the pound at your grocer's.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"Uneeda Bakers"